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COMMONWEALTH PLANS SOUTHEAST ASIA AID

£8,000,000 Allocated For Immediate Expenditure

Sydney, May 19.—Seven British Commonwealth nations today agreed to spend £8,000,000 to aid South and Southeast Asia as soon as possible. The Australian Minister for External Affairs, Mr Percy C. Spender, Chairman of the Commonwealth conference which has been meeting here all the week, said: "We have now come to a successful conclusion of our deliberations, which is an indication of the importance attached by Commonwealth countries to the welfare and stability of the area of South-east Asia."

Labour Win In Commons

London, May 19.—The Labour Government won a test of strength in the House of Commons today by defeating by 187 to 149 votes a Conservative member's attempt to increase or abandon petrol rationing.

No question of a vote of confidence was involved because the debate was on a private Member's motion. A defeat, however, would have emboldened the Labour Government.

The debate was on a motion by Mr John Arbutnot (Conservative), which "deplored the continued failure of the Government to make available adequate supplies of petrol at a time when large petroleum resources exist both outside and inside the sterling area."

Mr Arbutnot claimed that the provision of 600,000 tons of additional petrol yearly would permit lifting of the rationing for private motorists altogether. He said there are adequate supplies in the Middle East which would involve little dollar expenditure.

"Great emphasis should be placed on the extraordinary agreement we have reached on all the major matters before us."

The conference, called in extension of the Commonwealth meeting at Colombo earlier this year, came to an end late tonight.

It was said that the agreement was to aid Asia sooner than had at first been expected. A deadlock had threatened the meeting for days, but was broken with a compromise on the granting of immediate technical aid to the Communist-occupied areas.

The leader of the Indian delegation, Mr Ramaswami Mudaliar, commented: "India will do all she can to help the less fortunate peoples of these areas to find their feet, to raise the low level of their standard of living and to bring a certain amount of contentment to people who in the past have been subjected to domination."

ARENA OF DEEDS

The leader of the Ceylon delegation, Mr J. Jayawardene, said: "We are now proceeding from the arena of words to the arena of deeds and I trust that in translating the words into action we shall be helping in the building of a great and noble commonwealth."

The British Prime Minister, Lord MacDonald, leader of the United Kingdom delegation, said after today's session: "We have given practical shape to the Colombo economic resolutions and we can leave for our respective homes in the knowledge that a sure

foundation has been laid for the urgent work which lies ahead in the full development of the countries of South and Southeast Asia.

"We have reconciled mutual points of view to secure the emergence of a report and recommendations which our delegations and the delegations of other Governments here assembled accepted as an expression of the common purpose of us all."

ASSISTANCE SCHEME

A final communiqué issued by the Commonwealth Consultative Committee said that it was decided to recommend that a Commonwealth technical assistance scheme for South and Southeast Asia should be inaugurated within the next few months.

The total amount of assistance involved would be £8,000,000 over a period of three years.

The Committee recommended that a Commonwealth Bureau be set up at Colombo to co-ordinate the work.

It further recommended that a formal approach be made to Governments of non-Commonwealth countries in South and Southeast Asia, informing them of the Committee's deliberations and the course of action they contemplated.

These Governments should be informed that their full association in the enterprise would be welcomed by the Commonwealth Governments, the communiqué added.

The Committee decided that the most effective method of tackling the vast and intricate

(Contd. on Page 14, Col. 1)

VIETNAM TO IMPOSE PRESS BAN

Saigon, May 19.—The new Vietnam Government of Premier Tran Van Huu plans to impose direct censorship on the local press, reliable sources said today.

These sources said that the decision to establish press censorship in the northern nation was taken at a Cabinet meeting. The Cabinet made no announcement.

The censorship decision was reported to have been taken as part of the Government's new programme of "exceptional measures" against terrorist activities of the Communist-led forces of Dr Ho Chi-minh.

The Government intention was reported to be to block the leakage of military and security information through the press, rather than to suppress political opposition. Political opposition, informed sources said, would be allowed as long as it was "just and reasonable."

It is understood that the censorship would not apply to foreign correspondents.

The Cabinet is also reported to have studied new measures aimed at tightening police control over "dangerous individuals." The measures would give the police powers to keep persons believed dangerous to public security under constant watch. In some cases, the police would be empowered to assign such persons to obligatory residences.—United Press.

Points Food Rationing Is Ended

London, May 19.—The Food Minister, Mr Maurice Webb, today announced the end of Britain's points rationing, which had been mostly scarce tinned foods.

But the rationing of staple foods such as tea, sugar, bacon and meat remains, and the ration is to be cut in July from two-and-a-half to two ounces a week.

Mr Webb said that the abolition of the points system would save taxpayers £300,000 a year and would enable the Food Ministry to cut its staff by more than 1,000.

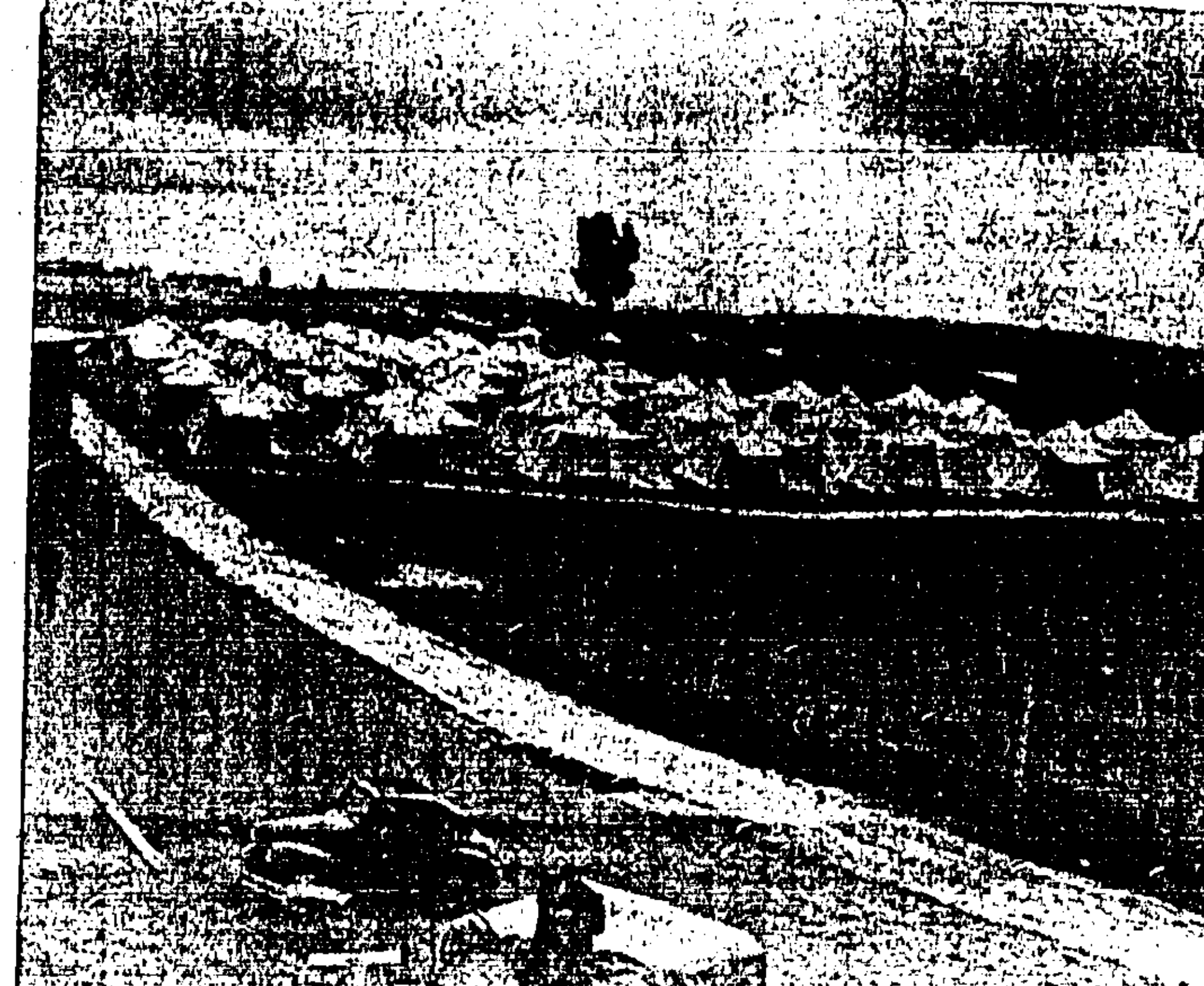
The number of points-rationed foods—mostly tinned meat and fruit—had been steadily reduced recently and there were now only eight foods within the system.

The Food Minister said that as a result of a recent settlement with India and Ceylon Britain this year would have to pay four-pence per pound more for tea than last year's average.—Reuter.

Lie In Paris

Paris, May 19.—The Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr Trygve Lie, arrived here today from Moscow, where he had talks with Marshal Stalin and other high Soviet leaders.—Reuter.

Tents For Holy Year Pilgrims



A tent village prepared to house up to 2,000 Holy Year pilgrims, who cannot afford the higher prices in Rome's hotels, has been inaugurated under the auspices of Pope Pius XII. The Holy Year Committee, which runs the camp, charges each pilgrim a nominal sum daily for food and lodging. The open area in the foreground is for those who bring their own tents. (Acme)

PEKING LODGES PROTEST OVER PLANE DETENTION

San Francisco, May 19.—Communist China has lodged a strong formal protest with the British Government regarding the detention of 70 civil aircraft, claimed by the Peking Government, at the Hongkong airfield.

HONGKONG DOES WELL AT B.I.F.

(Our Own Correspondent)

London, May 19.—As soon as the British Industries Fair closed down this evening, Hongkong merchants were busy assessing the volume of business done during the past fortnight. In nearly every case, it added up to a record-breaking success.

Textile merchants, in particular, had good cause to congratulate themselves. Enquiries were heaviest for this type of merchandise, and orders up to a million yards were mentioned.

INTEREST IN BUTTONS

Buyers from all over Europe come from this country and a few from South America and other countries have asked for samples, and a period of prosperity for the textile industry is a likely result.

Other goods about which buyers were enquiring were enamel ware and rubber foot wear. But interest was keen over the whole range of Hongkong products.

A buyer from Switzerland expressed a desire to import ivory, jade and crystal ornaments, but not much business was expected to be done in these lines. However, considerable interest was shown in buttons.

No More Passes To Russians

Frankfurt, May 19.—The United States' occupation authorities tonight announced that they had withdrawn passes from the Soviet Military Mission here.

An American spokesman said that the travel passes of the American Military Mission at the Soviet Headquarters had been withdrawn by the Russians except between their homes and offices.

Corresponding action had now been taken in the American Zone.—Reuter.

Australian Labour Breaks Precedent

Canberra, May 19.—The Australian Labour Opposition, fighting a Government Bill to repeal the nationalisation of the banks, today broke all Parliament precedent by boycotting a meeting of the Senate.

Government supporters were not able to muster the necessary 20 votes or a quorum (one-third of the total seats).

The Prime Minister, Mr Robert G. Menzies, who recently threatened a dissolution of Parliament if Labour used its Senate majority to throw out the Anti-Communist Bill, commented that Labour's delaying tactics in the Senate were "childish."

The stage might be reached when it was clear the Senate had no intention of passing the legislation.

"It then becomes the duty of the Government to advise the Governor-General," he added. "We are watching the position and our watching will be more quickly rewarded by a few more incidents of this kind."

DID NOT ENTER

Mr Menzies introduced a constitutional amendment earlier this month aimed at preventing the majority party in the Lower House having its legislation emasculated by a hostile Senate. This would be done by altering the method of electing Senators after another General Election.

The boycott developed from a series of bitter exchanges in the Senate last night when Labour forced an adjournment of the debate on the second reading of the Bank Bill.

The Bill, which was passed through the House of Representatives on May 4, against strenuous Labour opposition, repeals sections of the former Labour Government's 1947 Bank Nationalisation Act, still in force.

The main terms of the 1947 Act were declared to be unconstitutional by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

When the bells rang this morning for the adjourned debate, Labour Senators assembled in the lobbies but did not enter the Chamber.—Reuter.

FOUR INCHES OF RAIN

More than four inches of rain were recorded at the Royal Observatory from midnight to 9 a.m. today. The heaviest rainfall occurred between 2 and 4 a.m.

The total rainfall since January 1 is 21.1 inches, against an average of 18.00 inches.

EDITORIAL

Another Nationalist Retreat

THE prospects of a Nationalist revival, of performance by Chiang Kai-shek of his promise of a successful comeback within five years, do not look any rosier as the result of the decision to abandon the Chusan Islands and other naval bases along the China coast. Nothing is impossible, of course. Vigorous leadership and sound, loyal and well-equipped troops, coupled with capacity to marshal effectively the support to be found on the mainland, could astonish the world. Voluntary retreat from the stepping stones, however, seems to deny possession of the essential constituents. Technically, the last bastion has been strengthened. The reverse process, the Communist invasion of Formosa, has been converted into a heavier task. But the psychological effect of continual retreat cannot be escaped—the breaking down of morale and the accelerating loss of confidence. Whatever explanation may be offered to justify the Nationalist strategy, the object collapse in Hainan, withdrawal from zones like Chusan before serious pressure has been exerted, serve merely to conjure up memories of the low-spirited military response to the Communist challenge last year. It lends no encouragement to a belief that the battalions mustered in Taiwan in the Kuomintang cause will prove themselves to be of different quality when submitted to the acid test. Support for anti-Communist policy cannot vary the true assessment of the realities. It is difficult to believe that, unless outside assistance takes a form more ruthless than financial and material bolstering, the Nationalist armies will be more capable of mastering the Communist armies two years hence

than they are today. For one reason, the abandonment of Chusan had less to do with a desire to increase Taiwan's powers of resistance than with loss of control of the air. Bombing raids by the Nationalists are fewer and smaller in scale because the planes available are hopelessly outclassed by the new air force which Russia has placed at the disposal of the Peking regime. It would not be surprising, in fact the technique tactically is correct, to find that the preliminary to any attempt to establish beach-heads on the Formosan coast will be an effort to destroy the Nationalist air force. And as the Russians have hitherto concentrated on an intensive training programme for Chinese air personnel in modern planes, the chances cannot be regarded as small. Shipping men travelling up the coast to Tientsin are already able to vouch for the anxiety of Formosa-based pilots to avoid combat with the Russian-controlled machines. Whether the retreat from Chusan places the ground forces in the same category, it is not easy to say dogmatically, although it seems curious that the Taipei leaders accepted, as a consequence, impairment of the blockade. Based on Formosa, their naval craft cannot maintain a tight blockade on any point along the coast. Shipping circles may be gratified if events prove the Communists to be disposed to cultivate trade in essential materials with places like Hongkong, but no pleasure in Nationalist quarters can be contemplated. Business stagnation in the cities was an assurance of a ready welcome were the Generalissimo's armies able to hit back effectively. Should that go, too, Taipei will further forfeit respect.

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WILLIAM HOLDEN JOAN CAULFIELD BILLY DE WOLFE MONA FREEMAN EDWARD ARNOLD
"Dear Wife" FOR THE HOWL OF YOUR LIFE!
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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"BUD AND LOU MEET THE KILLER"

IT'S THE SAME CHARLES CHAPLIN IF IN A NEW DISGUISE



THE TRAMP

Goldwyn plans his first English film

When Samuel Goldwyn arrives in London next month from his Continental tour, he hopes to have plans well advanced for a big new film production in England.

It will be the first picture ever made in this country by Goldwyn.

But, when I saw him in Paris, Mr. Goldwyn indignantly denied that there had been any connection with his growing pile of frozen earnings here.

"That is no way to make a good picture — just to use up currency in a particular country," he said. "No! I have a story which absolutely needs a European setting, and to get the right atmosphere, I would go anywhere in the world. Even without any money there."

NO GOLDWYNISMS

Hollywood's most celebrated producer talks quietly, almost apologetically. And he speaks English, not the Goldwynisms quoted by the studio publicists. "Mind you, I am on holiday now, so I can afford to relax in my speech," Goldwyn told me with a grin. "In business hours, I feel it is only fair to use more picturesque phrases from time to time."

"I have my reputation to think of," Samuel Goldwyn, for all that diffident manner, is really the fiery rebel of Hollywood — the producer who insists on being independent of all the big studio machines. The "G" in M.G.M. still stands for Goldwyn; but Goldwyn has long since cut himself adrift, to produce pictures the way he thinks right and to fight any of the major cinema controllers who don't agree with him.

INDEPENDENT

"I'm an independent man — and I'm proud to be an independent producer," says Goldwyn. "No big-machine methods for me; none of those fashionable film 'cycles,' with each studio spending the other. 'First in the field, then out of it and into another — that's me!'"

What, in Goldwyn's view, is the most significant change in the film industry during the past few years?

That cinemagoers are no longer asking: "Who is in the picture?" but, instead, "What is it about?" Producers are now having to find good actors to fit the story, not stories to fit the stars. "In other words, cinemagoers have grown up," he said. "I have been waiting for them to do so for 30 years — so now I am satisfied."

(London Express Service)

BUSY ENOUGH

Although film production in British studios was at a low ebb at the time the Walt Disney version of "Treasure Island" was made in England, Howard Douglas has proved to be one English actor rarely out of work. When Douglas was signed to portray Williams, faithful servant of Squire Trelawney in "Treasure Island," it marked his eighth movie role in two months. The American picture was the 47th film in which Douglas has appeared.

Broderick Crawford is to have another stellar role. This will be in Columbia's picture of the Broadway stage hit, "Yesterday," in which Judy Holliday will team with him.

Two years after its general release, Charles Chaplin's latest film, "Monsieur Verdoux," is now here. It is the week-end attraction at the King's and Liberty Theatres. Like all Chaplin's films, it has a character that is essentially its own. Like his other films, it attempts to convey a message.

Unlike his other films, it tries to drum its message into us with what amounts to an unnecessary chapter added to a story already told. One feels that Chaplin is uncertain that his public in a world that moves faster with every day has enough patience left to read the message from the story.

If the film been a little shorter and skipped this epilogue, it would rank with Chaplin's best. As it is, "Monsieur Verdoux" is a film not to be missed. The screen has known few artists of the stature of Charles Chaplin — one notes in the billing that he is no longer Charlie — and to the confirmed cinema-goer it amounts almost to a ritual that whatever Chaplin offers has to be sampled.

"Monsieur Verdoux" is the story of a modern Bluebeard. The credits flashed on to the



Annabella (Martha Raye), the woman who would not be liquidated.

screen announce that it is based on an idea originating from Orson Welles. Chaplin himself wrote the screen play and directed the film.

The Chaplin Version

The story is built largely on the career of one, Thomas Wainwright, a forger and murderer who was a friend of Charles Lamb and other literary celebrities of the early Nineteenth Century. It is based on a pen portrait of Wainwright by Oscar Wilde.

In creating his own version of Bluebeard, Chaplin also studied the original Bluebeard — Landru — and decided

that he was a much less subtle and aesthetically character than Wainwright. Monsieur Verdoux is said to be Chaplin's idea of a tragic-comic projection of Wainwright and Landru, who merge into Verdoux and are brought forward in this personality into the world between the two World Wars.

The Verdoux presented to us by Chaplin is a suave and dapper boulevardier. We learn as the story unfolds that he was once a bank clerk, that he had served his bank faithfully for 30 years, was discharged in a period of depression and with a large born of desperation turned to murder as a career.

However much suave or dapper, Chaplin remains essentially the little man whom a large world would trample underfoot. Into these scenes in which we see him assume the character of an elegant gentleman, he puts all his genius for characterisation and pantomime. When he is at home with his invalid wife and small son, to support whom he murders wealthy widows, Verdoux becomes Chaplin. He is in his element and the necessity to act a role falls away.

Clerical Precision

It is difficult to separate caricature from portrait in Chaplin's Verdoux. Here we are presented with a character who with a clerical precision, with the listers and appointment pad of the trained office worker, disposes of one victim after another.

In Verdoux we are given a criminal who looks upon murder as a profession, a means of earning a comfortable living and of buying a villa in the country to house a loved wife and child to whom he can return for a spell of comfortable home life.

The story Chaplin unfolds on the screen is not a memorable one. It is simple enough, and could be told with dramatic force by most of Hollywood's film-makers.

The film will remain peculiar to itself for two reasons. We have seen and will see other Bluebeards on the screen, but a Chaplinesque Bluebeard is not in the realm of other film-makers' fantasy.

Secondly, there is a cast assembled that only Chaplin could assemble. A great artist could pick his characters and the actors to cast them with the same precision. All who appear in the picture are there to tell the story. No one is superfluous and the minor dramatic personae contribute to the atmosphere of the film.

As in all Chaplin's films, we must have the poor girl whom the tramp befriends. This time it is Marilyn Nash, a new screen personality who should not be easily forgotten.

Then there is Martha Raye as Annabella, the only woman he sets out to kill whom Verdoux finds indestructible. As the vulgar and undeservedly



Chaplin's latest 'poor' girl, Marilyn Nash.



VERDOUX

lucky Annabella, Martha Raye at times is a scene from Chaplin, an accomplishment for any comedian.

Then there is Mady Correll as Madame Verdoux, a woman whose charm of character may be remembered after all other memories of the film slip away.

No Caricature

In Madame Grosnay, Isobel Elsom presents us with a por-



Mady Correll as Mona Verdoux.

trait of an ample and self-possessed dowager that has in it not a shade of caricature. There is about Madame Grosnay a dignity that Hollywood is not in the habit of associating with its portraits of wealthy widows.

Minor characters who stand out are Ada May as Annabella's maid, Robert Louis as the pharmacist friend of Verdoux, the five who make up the Gouva family and the assistant at the florist's shop, a young lady who is not even mentioned in the cast.

There is one incongruity about the film. Considerable emphasis is put by Chaplin on capturing a French atmosphere to every background. But outside of Chaplin, whose portrait of a Frenchman is an excellent one, few of the others in the cast succeed in losing their American accent.

It's a Scotland Yard Special

Ealing's Scotland Yard film, "The Blue Lamp," has been hailed by the Trade Press as "a gripping and intensely human 'crime does not pay' melodrama, straight from police files." Starring Dirk Bogarde, Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley and Robert Fleming, "The Blue Lamp" is the story of policemen on the beat, and in particular of one constable, played by Jack Warner.

The film shows what happens when he gets involved in a cinema hold-up. His arrival on the scene interrupts the crooks, one of whom fires at him point blank. The constable, seriously injured, eventually dies from his wounds and the picture traces the activities of Scotland Yard in bringing the murderer to justice.

MORE THAN FICTION

"The Blue Lamp" is more than fiction. It is authentic in every detail. For the first time, Scotland Yard has co-operated in full in the production of a feature film, providing Ealing Studios with facilities never before granted to film producers.

The cast includes Dirk Bogarde, as the crook who commits the murder, and Patric Doonan as his friend, Jimmy Hanley is a new police recruit, Robert Fleming and Bernard Lee are the two Scotland Yard detectives handling the case. The leading 'feminine' role is played by Peggy Evans, as Dirk Bogarde's girl friend.

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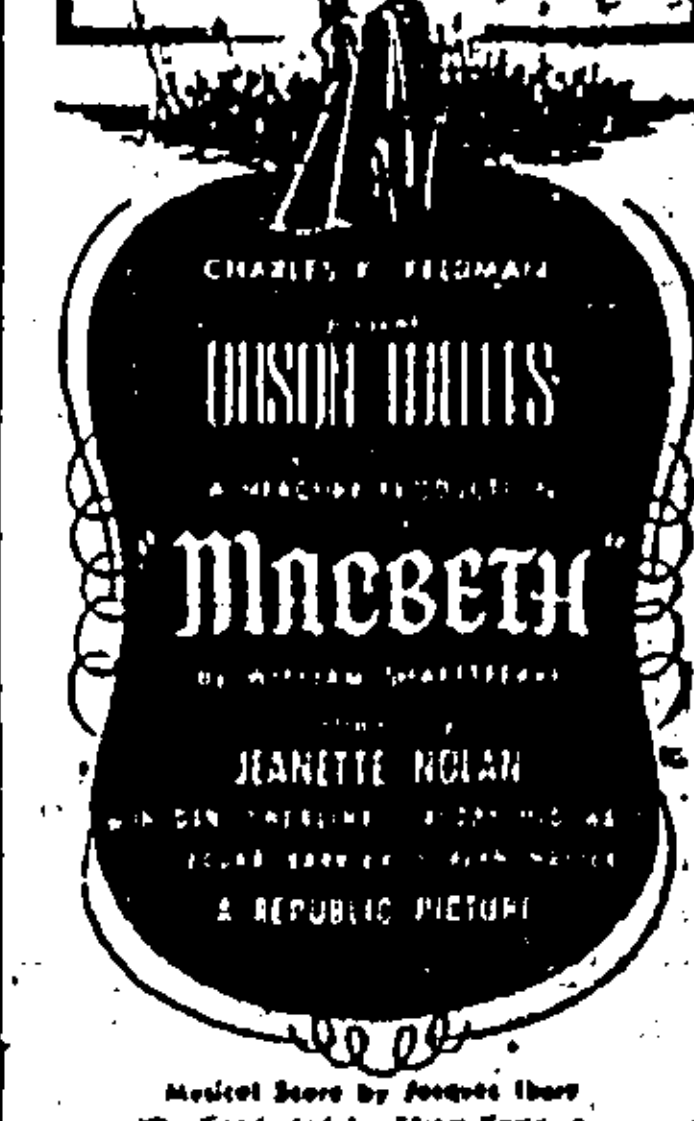


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COMMENCING NEXT THURSDAY, 25th MAY, AT

BILLY ROSE tells a GHOST STORY

WE men of Manhattan are an undaunted and unhaunted lot—or at least think we are—and so ghost stories seldom stand a ghost of a chance in this town.

The other night, however, a real estate man buttonholed me coming out of the 21 Club and me a chiller about a deserted house in the Flushing section of Queens and on the off-chance that your scalp can use a tingle or two I'd like to pass it along.

On the night of the big snow three winters ago, a doctor in Queens answered his doorbell and found a smallish man in a faded mackinaw standing on the stoop. "My wife is very sick," he said. "I hate to ask you to come out on a night like this, but it's only a few blocks."

The doctor followed him to a large wooden house near the intersection of Vine Street and Broadway, and when the man unlocked the door the physician could see by the glare of an unshaded drop-light that the lower floor was empty except for a few kitchen chairs and a length of carpet.

The man led him up a creaky set of stairs to the second floor, and in the front room an emaciated woman was lying in an old four-poster bed.

She kept coughing into a blood-stained handkerchief, and though the doctor went through the motions of an examination he knew at once it was an advanced case of tuberculosis. "I can give her something to relieve the congestion," he told her husband, "but she'll have to be moved to a hospital first thing in the morning."

He then wrote out a prescription. "I'll get it filled right away," said the man, and showed the doctor to the door.

★

NEXT morning, wondering how the woman was getting along, the physician stopped by the wooden house, but there was no answer when he rang the bell. Moreover, there were no tracks in the snow. Puzzled, he went to the office of a real estate agent on the next street and asked if he could get some information about the residents of the house. "That's a funny sort of question," said the agent. "There aren't any residents and there aren't likely to be any. The house hasn't been occupied for 15 years, and though it's always been on my list nobody's ever wanted it."

"The last family that moved in during the depression could only stand it for a few weeks. The husband and wife slept in the front room on the second floor, and to hear them tell it, they were kept awake night after night by the sound of a woman coughing. It finally got so bad they packed and left."

"I know," he said, "I examined a sick woman there last night, and if you've got a key I'll walk over with you and prove it."

★

WHEN they got to the house, it took the agent quite a while to get the rusty lock open, and when they entered there wasn't a stick of furniture in sight. "Maybe you've got this house mixed up with another one," the agent suggested.

"I still think it's the same place. Let's look upstairs." On the second floor they went into the front room. It was also empty. That is, except for a piece of paper on the window sill—the prescription the doctor had written the night before.

—(London Express Service)



sends a postcard from the Riviera
—(London Express Service)

By BERNARD WICKSTEED:

Back Among the Ghosts

MILLION COVE.

DO you know Cornwall? Do you know that road running from Helston to the Lizard? If you go along it for far enough you come to a wild moor called Predannack Bog, and right in the middle of it there's a deserted airfield.

It is a desolate area of heather, gorse, and abandoned buildings. The only living things are the curlew and snipe.

I have just called there with Desire, my glossy family car KX2.

At one time this place that everyone shuns was the haunt of Waifs, erks, and swaggering men with enormous moustaches.

They are gone now, but in their day they were worthy successors to the Phoenixians, pixies, wizards, wreckers, smugglers and other turbulent types who went before them in the Cornish cavalcade.

At night they raced about the sky in mad black monsters called Beau-fighters or the Whispering Death. By day they ranged the countryside and harried the fishing villages in search of eggs, lobsters, beer and pretty faces.

Secret tunnels?

THOSE ruins you see on the right of the road are all that is left of the Waafery where the females of this vanished race used to roost. It was out of bounds to the erks and the aircrew, but they do say there were secret tunnels through the barbed wire that once surrounded it.

Now there is no need for barbed wire or secret tunnels either for the whole site has been flattened by bulldozers and a notice says: "Free rubble. Help yourself."

—(London Express Service)

Across the road the buildings round the runways still stand, and the signs say "Keep out. People trespassing do so at their own risk."

At this uninviting spot Desire, the post-war car pulled up and out of her stepped two men followed by a swarm of children post-war and otherwise.

The children were soon happily engaged in a free fight with the free rubble, and as their mothers, who'd remained in the car, were deep in talk, the two men were able to slip away.

Hopes... fears...

WITHOUT revealing the identity of the two intruders I can tell you that one of them, who had been picked up by Desire on her journey down, was once a night-fighter pilot at Predannack and the other, now an ageing journalist, used to be his navigator.

The place they both wished to see was the old B Flight dispersal hut, where formerly they sat at night waiting for orders and to which they returned when they'd carried them out.

It is just a standard R.A.F. airfield building without a scrap of inherent character. Hundreds like it

can be seen all over the country. But what hopes have been born there! What triumphs experienced! What fears suppressed!

As far as the ex-navigator is concerned there is no building on earth he has less wished to see when safe on the ground or more longed for when he was up in the air.

On the one hand, it was the springboard, the jumping-off place to Eternity; on the other, a haven of roaring stoves, buttered toast and mugs of tea.

Now its doors are nailed up against trespassers, its rusty iron stoves filled with the ashes of burned paper. The distemper is peeling off the walls of the bare unfurnished rooms, and the electric light wires dangle from the ceilings.

The coat of arms

AN artist in some succeeding squadron had painted on the wall a coat of arms six feet high. It was full of heraldic tankards of beer, aircraft, and women with nothing on. The motto

beneath was "Prangum ad Infinitum."

Over the door of the flight-commander's office a warg of the past had chalked "Rau-chen Verboten."

At one time the corridors and the walls of the briefing room had been covered with maps and posters telling you how to bale out, how to inflate your rubber dinghy, how to shoot down the enemy.

There is only one of them left. It explains how the searchlights can help you get home if you're lost.

The ghosts took the hint, and, fading from the scene as furtively as they came, returned to their families and the car called Desire.

Where Joe crashed

TWENTY minutes later they reappeared outside an hotel. Once it was the officers' mess. Now there are bathchairs on the terrace.

The gate posts have been painted, but you can still see the dent made at a squadron party when Joe the Czech crashed into it in his car and set it on fire.

In the next few hours the ghosts kept popping up all over the place. They peeped over the fence of a house where one of them had lived. The people in possession mistook them for trippers, and glared back. They went into one of the pubs they used on nights off. It has changed hands and the man behind the bar weighed them up. "You'll be strangers round here?" They answered: "We certainly are."

—(London Express Service)

What happened to The Tarzan girl who was brought up on bones

by JOSEPH GARRITY

TWENTY years ago four-year-old Diana Hughes-Hughes, of Northwood, Middlesex, was the subject of a remarkable "back-to-nature" health experiment. She was being brought up as naked as Tarzan, gnawing bones like a dog, and living on the milkless fruit-and-vegetable diet of primitive man.

The parents had decided that by thus making her a "nature child" she would escape "the mistakes of civilisation."

How has the experiment worked out? At 24, how does Diana fit into a civilised world after a childhood of nature in the raw?

I found her an attractive sophisticated blonde in sweaters and slacks, completely at home in the arty environment of her Kensington studio.

She is making a name for herself as a fashion artist.

All who were horrified by her unorthodox infancy (particularly the neighbours who used to report her parents to the health authorities for "neglect") will be interested to learn that Diana has blossomed into a perfect specimen of womanhood.

Her Venus-like figure, flawless sun-bronzed skin, clear grey eyes, and dazzling white teeth tell their own story of radiant health.

"My mother's revolutionary experiment has been completely justified by the wonderful health I have always enjoyed," said Diana.

"I have never had a cold. The only complaints I have suffered were measles in a school epidemic, and chicken-pox picked up at a dance."

"I have never had a cold. The only complaints I have suffered were measles in a school epidemic, and chicken-pox picked up at a dance."

CLOTHES WERE A NUISANCE

HOW near to nature does grown-up Diana live today?

She still maintains all the principles of her mother's design for living, she said, but in a modified form.

"I am not the little savage I used to be. Conventions ended my nudism at an age when all nice little girls are expected to be suitably clad."

"Those early days when I was allowed to romp about the garden naked in all weathers are amusing to look back on. The neighbours thought I was killing me with her odd ideas."

"But children don't feel the cold as much as some people imagine. I actually enjoyed it. Clothes were a nuisance to me. I disliked hot water and hated fires."

"Even now I wear the absolute minimum of clothes. Winter or summer, I have never worn a vest in my life."

"One childhood habit I have not relaxed is sleeping in the nude with only one blanket on the bed."

SHE'S NEVER HAD TOOTHACHE

DIANA said she stopped gnawing bones when she was 16.

"Until then I never used a toothbrush. Chewing chop bones kept my teeth clean and helped to develop my jaws."

"Although I use a toothbrush now, I never clean my teeth with anything but water. And I have never known what toothache is like."

At boarding school Diana was able to maintain her nature diet by special arrangement with the staff.

"At first, the other children thought I was odd. But they got used to the idea that I never drank milk, ate meat, puddings or even bread and butter."

"While my friends spent their pocket money on sweets and cakes in the tuckshop, I bought bags of fruit from the green-grocer."

At 13, Diana was 5ft. 4ins. in height. Though 7st. 12lb. in weight, she was as slim and agile as an athlete, and moved with a feathery grace.



Diana today

Her skin was a cafe au lait, her hair lustrous and thick. Though her hips were narrow, her chest expansion was so deep that her mother had to buy "small women's" patterns for her clothes.

Little wonder that her mother proudly announced at that time: "Diana is the prototype of what we believe all children would be if brought up according to the laws of nature—free from illness, beautiful, happy, capable of getting every possible joy from life and giving joy to others."

At 24, Diana still retains her golden tan. She is beautifully proportioned for her height of 5ft. 6½ins.

Her weight of 8st. 10lb. is deceptive, for there is not an ounce of superfluous flesh on her supple, streamlined figure.

Indeed, Diana's silhouette (waist 23ins. hips and bust 35ins.) is the envy of many of the models in the fashion salons she haunts with her sketch book. Occasionally she tries a spot of modelling herself. Fashion photographers for whom she has posed have told her she is ideally photogenic.

SECRET OF HEALTH AND FIGURE

FUNDAMENTAL principle of Diana's nature diet, which she claims, is the secret of her health and slim figure, is the separation of starchy and protein foods.

Eating starchy dry, she says, enables the body to act thoroughly, ensuring perfect mastication and thereby avoiding such complaints as indigestion.

"I can make a meal of potatoes alone," she said. "But they must be baked in their jackets, never fried or mashed."

"Although I eat butter with other foods, I never have it with bread. I do not know what a sandwich tastes like."

Although the war compelled Diana to relax certain rules, she has always maintained her basic diet of fruit, vegetables, salads, and dry crusts.

Diana at three

Here are specimens of her menu now—
Breakfast: Two or three apples with skin, followed later by a pint of very weak tea.
Dinner: Steamed cabbage with grated cheese; or dry baked potatoes.
Supper: Salad and cream cheese; or fruit meringue.

Diana, not a complete vegetarian, occasionally enjoys a meal of chicken or fish.

"I began to drink milk during the war when I could not get cream," she told me. "But I take it sparingly because, like mother, I do not believe it is good for the digestion."

"My chief liquids are soup, orange or other fruit juices, and lots of water. But never do I drink with meals."

"I need never repeat the same meal in one week," Diana said. "There are hundreds of ways of varying such meals as salads."

PREFERS LETTUCE TO STEAKS

"WHAT I would like to emphasize is that, ever since I left home I have continued my diet because I enjoyed it."

"I don't reject beef steaks merely because they are not good for my health or figure. I really prefer my fruit and vegetable dishes."

"I have tried eating steaks, but found they were not nearly so enjoyable or satisfying as a lettuce salad."

"I find cakes and puddings repulsive and would not thank anyone for a box of chocolates. I detest all sweets and sugar confectionery."

"I asked her what, if she were invited out to dinner, she would consider a gastronomic treat. Diana replied: 'An omelette, possibly with mushrooms.'"

She has never tasted wine or beer. When dining out she may choose a glass of juice. "I once tried a cigarette and liked it," she admits. "But I rejected a second in case the habit developed."

WHY I LIVE ON MY OWN

DIANA rarely eats out because she can never find the food she wants.

"I decided to live on my own so that I could continue my special diet," she said. "If I marry, my husband will have to put up with me and my diet."

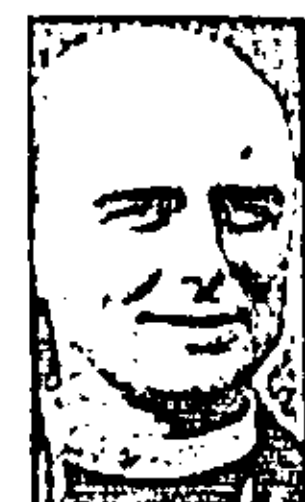
"If he doesn't care to share it, I would not mind preparing separate meals for him."

I asked her if she intended rearing her own children on the "back to nature" plan which had proved so successful in her own case.

"Babies! The almost exploded idea. There are far too many in Britain already. This tiny island is hopelessly overcrowded. Besides, I am far too engrossed in my career. Not even marriage will alter that."

Maybe the psychologists can explain why the once perfect child who has become the perfect woman is so reluctant to complete the cycle as the perfect mother.

—(London Express Service)



Canon HUGH WARNER

writes his weekly column HUSBANDS and WIVES

Ah! That only child!

"MY HUSBAND and I have a little girl of four. We believe it is a mistake to have an only child, and dearly long for another one. I have lost two expected babies since her birth, and we are thinking of adopting a child as it seems we can never have another ourselves."

"Do you think we ought to wait still longer and hope for one of our own, or should we apply to an adoption society at once?"

YOU are wise to recognise the mistake of having an only child, but I think you ought to wait before adopting another.

From your letter I gather you are still quite young. In recent years the medical profession has discovered a condition of the blood known as the Rhesus factor, which is often the cause of exactly the experience you describe.

One child is born normally, and a series of miscarriages follows the birth of the first. If this factor is present in the blood of both father and mother there is no difficulty about the children. If, however, a condition arises that makes the birth of the first child possible, but, normally, of no other.

When this is the case, steps can be taken by the doctor at the beginning of the second or

third pregnancy to deal with the effects of this factor in the mother's blood. Injections can make possible the birth of another child.

In a small percentage of cases there is some risk attached to this method as far as the child is concerned. Yet the possibility of such treatment should be thoroughly discussed with your doctor. A simple blood test will provide the information that you need.

If nothing can be done, then your idea of adoption is an eminently sensible one.

THE 'BARRIER' OF RELIGION

"THERE is only one thing that spoils our happiness as a family. We do not see eye to eye over religion, and this is becoming a serious barrier between us. I am very keen, but my wife just closes up whenever I try to broach the subject with her."

I leave pamphlets about where I think she may pick them up, as I hope they might do what I seem unable to do, but it is no use.

"We have a boy of ten, and he is already discovering that there is a difference between us. I am afraid it may soon lead to him taking sides. Can you suggest what I should do?"

I THINK you have frightened your wife. It is quite possible to be so keen on a subject that one becomes a bore.

Religion should be a happy, natural growth. To some people

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MR. F. C. Clomo, President of the Kowloon Bowling Green Club, making a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. J. Grinter (right) on their departure from Hongkong. (Telegraph Staff Photographer). Mr. Grinter, manager of Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd., is seen with his staff on the right at a farewell party given in his honour.



GROUP taken at Kai Tak airport last week when Brig-Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, President of the United Nations Assembly and Foreign Minister of the Philippines, passed through the Colony. Gen. and Mrs. Romulo are fourth and third from left. Representing HE the Governor (second from right) is Mr. C. J. R. Dawson, ADC. On Gen. Romulo's left is Mr. C. B. B. Heathcote-Smith, Political Adviser to the Hongkong Government, and on Mrs. Romulo's right is Dr. J. V. Rodriguez, Philippines Consul. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



DIANA and Susan, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Verner, celebrated their birthdays last Saturday. Here they are (centre, second row) with friends who attended the party. (Ming Yuen)



GROUP taken at the stonelaying of the St. Teresa's Church Parochial Hall last week. On the left, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt. Rev. Henry Valtorta, officiating at the ceremony. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



TWO groups photographed at the recent cocktail party given at the United Services Recreation Club. The function was well attended and was very successful. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Hongkong Light Orchestra gave another enjoyable concert at the Hongkong Hotel last Sunday night. The conductor was Mr. H. V. Ardy (right). Featured in the programme was a selection of songs rendered by Miss Amy Au (left), soprano. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group picture of the Matriculation Class of St. Stephen's College, Stanley. Seated seventh from left is Canon E. W. L. Martin, Warden of the College. (Ming Yuen)



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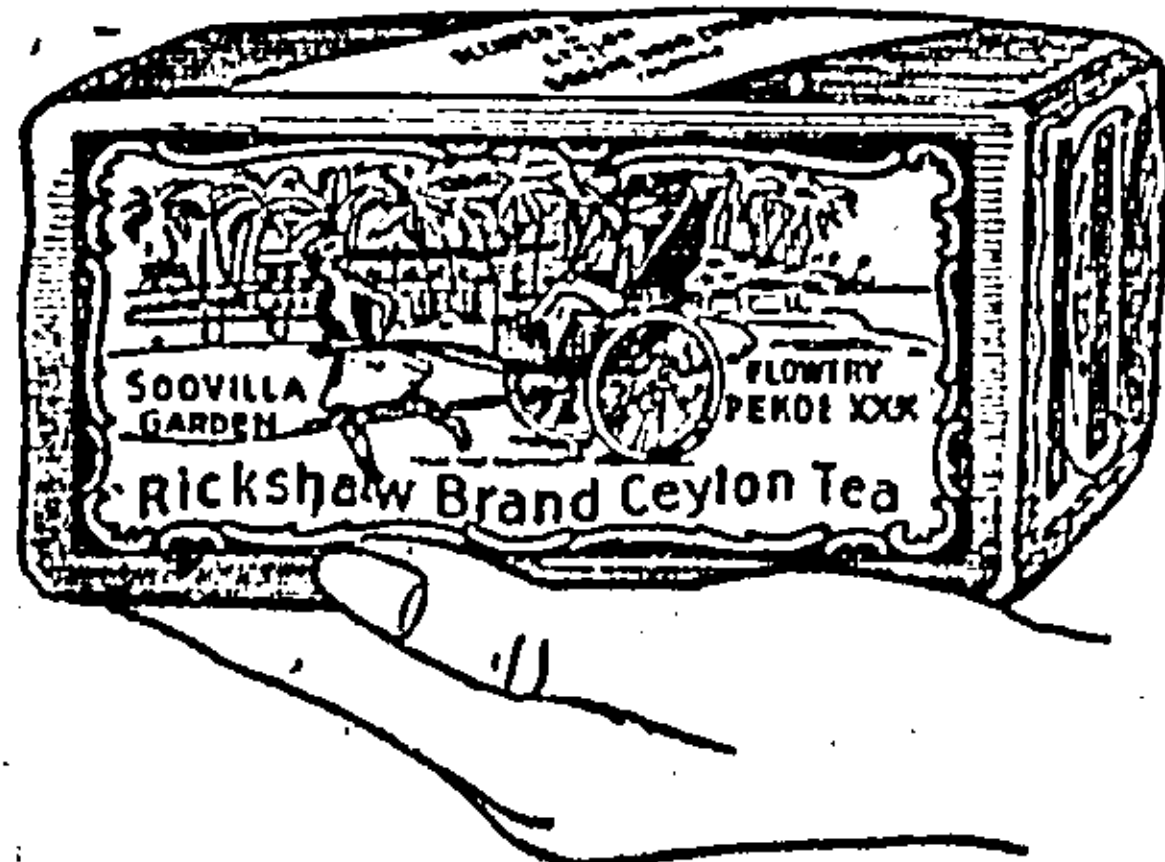
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WHITE: BARBARA GOALEN illustrates my firm theory that 'half as much means twice as effective' . . . says ANNE EDWARDS



JOHN FRENCH is the photographer.



'Like drink, not easy to handle'

THE fashion for white comes back with a bang. White collars and cuffs of pique or muslin are on most of the new Spring dresses. White hats, white pique gloves, white roses or carnations, white chiffon handkerchiefs, white shirts, and separate sets of white collars and cuffs to add to frocks that haven't got



them... they fill the shop windows. It's a fashion that's easy to copy—but hard to handle. The effect of white accessories on most women is like the effect of drink on most men. After one they want another and after two they don't care how many they have. . . . Barbara Goalen shows you how that touch of white should be used and not too often. Remembering that the more white you use the less effective

What to wear on the beach this year

by SUSAN DEACON

OUR old friend Terry towelling is the favourite material for holiday wear this year. Towelling beach coats, wide sleeved, hip-length, and in bright colours.

An American idea is to wear a vivid colour and white spotted beach suit and a chalk white Terry towelling, finger-tip coat lined and faced with matching sport material. But the coat must be straight and boxy, and they are usually made with little stand-up Chinese collars.

A two-piece swim suit in Terry cloth sells in London for £2 10s. The diminutive Bikini briefs are laced at each side, and the brassiere has white cord shoulder straps. It is gay, in brilliant mixed colours on white.

Plain or gay

SWIM suits in elasticised satin in bright jewel colours are expensive, but are a good investment. They are obtainable in plain colours or in gay patterns.

Cotton swim suits in bright coloured prints are not so expensive. See the two-piece suit (in photograph). The linen playsuit (in photograph) has matching panties, and is made in panels of the palest sky blue, cornflower blue, and navy.

The stripes will flatter your waist line, and the flared skirt will help to disguise any plumpness over the hips.

Your slacks this season should be more narrow and tapering. The smartest shorts are strictly tailored and cuffed. In Paris, women are buying jeans and shorts with fringed cuffs and pocket flaps.

Not popular

WHAT has happened to all the short evening dresses I saw in the London spring collections?

In spite of predictions that they would sweep the country, the short evening dress is not nearly so popular in London as in Paris.

A firm which hires evening dresses to the public, says that women never ask for a short evening dress. The demand is invariably for the strapless, full-length gown with a bouffant skirt.

Bewildering

DO we need to have these bewildering names for colours? I am shown fabrics in elephant, donkey, fudge, toast, and caramel—stockings in morning mist, whisper, and honey-moon. Men's shirts were in Sahara (this turned out to be a muddy beige colour) and Frama—a yellowy beige.

Down-to-earth cream distemper is called sable. Danube, which I would have thought had to be a shade of blue, is a pale leaf green.

A true, clear pink is called Cyclamen. Looking through a 1920 edition of the Sunday Express,



Striped linen playsuit in three shades of blue



Strapless two-piece swim suit in patterned cotton. London Express Service

I find that the new colours of the year were pillar box red, onion skin yellow, carrot red, nutmeg brown, and lettuce green.

Not such glamorous names, perhaps, but there is no mistaking their meaning.

Have a new pelmet IF you do not need to buy new curtains have a new pelmet.

If you have chintz or printed curtains, have the pelmet made from the same material in the most predominant colour in the print. It is attractive draped in three deep scallops.

If your curtains are plain, make the pelmet in chintz to match the loose covers—and edge it with fringe in the colour of the curtains.

An attractive idea at a large window is to have heavy velvet curtains and a pelmet in wide striped satin to pick up the colour.

A plain wooden pelmet makes small windows appear larger.

Shoes that carry decorations that attract attention to the feet should never be worn by the woman who has fatted calves or ankles that exceed the proper proportions. Shoes with ankle straps have a slimming effect. They should have flexible leather soles to give support and freedom of movement.

Correct posture and graceful movement depend to a large extent on the ankles and, in fact,

Fashion Flashes

SPRING craze for pleats has spread from Paris to London. Brief straight dresses are pleated either horizontally or vertically, sometimes both ways in the same garment. Chiffon is a favourite for pleats and carries them well. More expensive models are tucked in graduated sizes from top to bottom.

Most eagerly awaited fashion in London is American nylon chiffon with permanently pleated finish so that dresses can be cleaned or washed at home without having to be repeated.



Advance Ascot model features pleats in a white tulle button-through dress, worn with a matching sash and mandarin coat of navy tulle (Rocloff and Chapman).

New Colours.—Lime accessories with navy blue; tan teamed with black for sports or beach, and the latest British Colour Council shades for summer: cottons of Grapefruit, Sweet Lavender and April Sky.

New Prints.—Floral and fruit designs on dark grounds, with large patterns, often a floral motif with just one large realistic flower or single flowers with scattered petals.

New Jewellery.—Slave bangles, staging a comeback from the twenties, are made in composition that can be fitted to match dresses; Creole hoop earrings in gold metal, lovely with short hairstyles and gilt chains with large medallions, which can be worn as necklets or belts.

LET'S FACE IT

In the Facing Facts department, it's a time we admitted that (1) strapless tops look nice on one figure in a hundred, the rest have ugly bulges; (2) coloured suede gloves do get dirty and don't clean well; (3) white felt hats in town look dingy in a week; (4) chain-smoking in women is the ugliest habit of all, particularly in the street; and (5) that women's chief beauty problems today are big feet, large hips, dry skin, dandruff and cracked cuticles.

OTHER PEOPLE'S CLOTHES

The Countess of Leicester has made an early choice for the May Royal Garden Party. For her daughter, Lady Anne Coke, whom she is presenting, she has chosen white Broderie Anglaise with a blue sash, from Victor Stiebel, and for herself a fancy crepe dress and jacket on a blue ground.

Daphne Barker, cabaret artist, who usually designs all her own evening dresses, has a dress for Wimbledon week by "lace-panties" Teddy Tilling. It is of transparent material, with an amusing border of rackets and balls.

Christian Dior has used many Jacquard fabrics in his Paris collection, which he showed recently on behalf of the proposed Museum of Costume. The materials, which can be bought in London, include a grey silk taffeta patterned with shaded pink and white flowers and brilliant green leaves, a silver-shot metallic blue pure silk and another in warm maize narrowly striped in white. One of his evening models is made in pure silk voile in midnight blue with a delicate evergreen shadow check.

By Eileen Ascroft

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ REGENCY IN OUR TIME ★

By M. CLYDE McCARROLL

SHORTAGES of domestic help, which make keeping up a large house an impossible burden for busy modern housewives added to the fact that the great majority of modern homeowners fall into the average income class, have created a tremendous popular interest in the so-called "small house."

★

Among the "major elements" when planning to own a house are the choosing of a building site; selecting a good builder; facts about architects and architecture; how to finance your new home, and other very necessary basic matters on which a careful prospective home-owner will thoroughly inform himself before making definite decisions on building or buying.

Health Measure:

For The Expectant Mother

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

SOME women seem to have repeated miscarriages. Just why many of them are unable to carry a child to full term has not been definitely determined, but in some cases their failure is thought to be due to some disturbance of the glands of internal secretion, such as the pituitary gland or the thyroid gland.

The successful treatment of a number of women with this type of disorder has been reported. Three glandular extracts were used, one coming from the pituitary gland located at the base of the brain, the second known as corpus luteum coming from the ovary, and the third, estrogen, also from the ovaries.

TREATMENT STARTED

The women treated had had from one to three early births. The treatment was started just as soon as it was definitely determined that the women were pregnant.

The extract from the pituitary gland was given three times a week in fairly large dosage for the first 4½ months, and then the dosage was reduced and continued for 3½ months more.

The corpus luteum was given three times a week for the first 4½ months, and then twice a week until eight months had elapsed.

The estrogen were given daily.

FULL TERM

As a result of this treatment, all 27 of the women were able to go through the full term of pregnancy. There was some bleeding, however, even during treatment in some cases.

It is not thought that this form of treatment is a preventive for all early births, but it did work quite satisfactorily in most cases in which it was used. The babies were all normal. The birth of the baby did not occur earlier than ten days after the injections were stopped, and in most instances there was an interval of about three weeks.

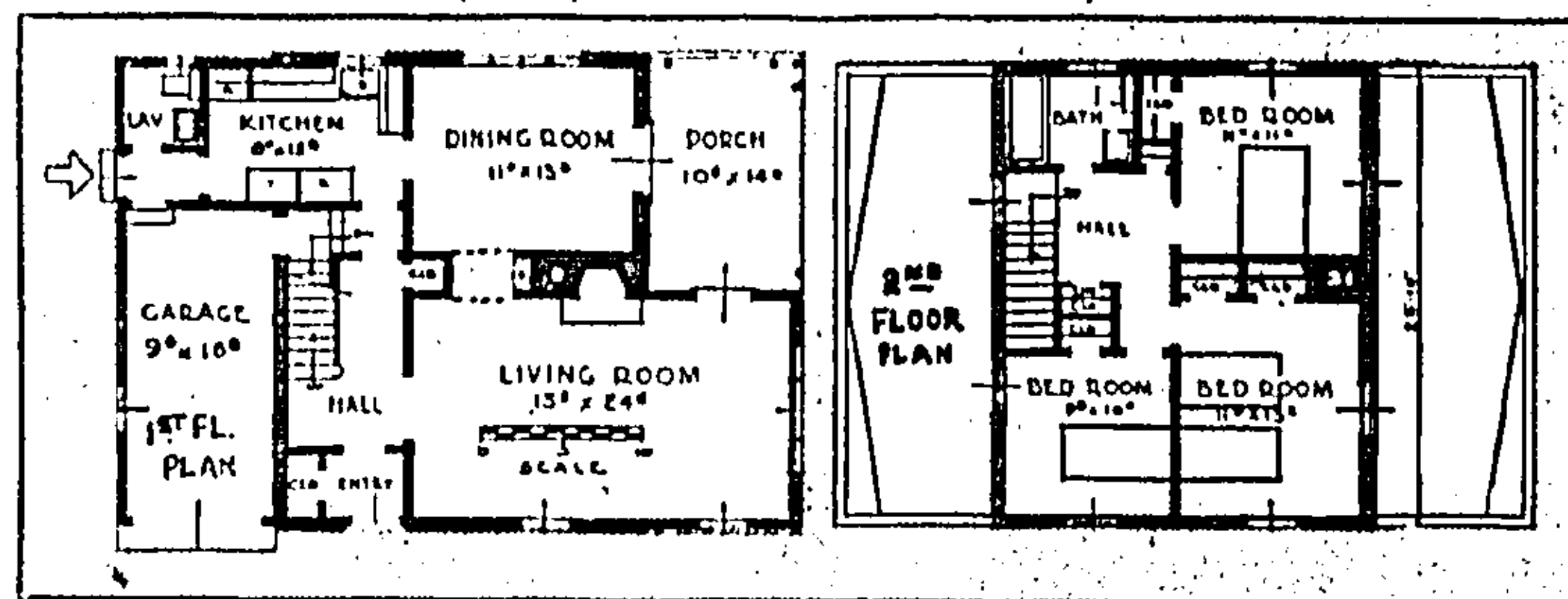
SECRETION PRODUCED

In explaining the effect of this treatment, it is pointed out that during the early months of pregnancy a certain secretion is produced by the pituitary gland. This secretion is thought to stimulate the firm attachment of the placenta—the structure through which the child receives nourishment—to the wall of the uterus. At any rate, the amount of pituitary secretion falls off about the time the placenta normally becomes firmly attached—that is, during the third or fourth month of pregnancy.

Furthermore, the corpus luteum located in the ovary also gradually disappears during the first three months of pregnancy and the secretions which it usually makes are thereafter produced by the placenta or afterbirth. Thus, where there is a lack of pituitary secretion, the afterbirth is not firmly planted in the womb and does not form its own necessary secretions properly. Both of these conditions tend to bring about its too early separation from the womb. When the needed substances are supplied, this tendency, and with it the tendency to miscarriage, are overcome.



THIS CHARMINGLY LIVABLE HOUSE, small yet with sufficient space for the average family gracefully adapts the elegance of Regency design to the requirements of contemporary living. As shown, a brick front, wings and roof of asbestos shingling.



LIVING ROOM, WITH A PORCH just outside it, dining room and kitchen make up the ground floor (see picture at right) of this six-room house. (Picture at left). On the first storey, there are bedrooms in three of the corners, a bath in the fourth.



These were the finalists in the glamour parade to find eight girls to model clothes in London's Fashion Fortnight. Olga Murphy, (picture at left), whose smile was voted "most radiant." Above, Olga's hat: "I made it myself from a scrap of old evening dress."

(London Express Service)



"The Agony In The Kindergarten"

William Steig, author of "The Agony In The Kindergarten," gained his first national prominence as a cartoonist for the New Yorker with his "Small Fry" picture jokes.

Later, upon the publication of the picture books, "The Lonely Ones," "About People," and "Persistent Faces," he was revealed as being a combination artist-philosopher-psychologist of considerable depth.

The three books mentioned were collections of unpretentious, highly imaginative and penetrating drawings representing various types of human personality and moods and feeling. "The Agony In The Kindergarten" is another book in the same vein, although this time the artist portrays the inner feelings, not of adults, but of babies and small children to about the age of six.

All of the terror of the great unknown world about them that small children undoubtedly feel (both consciously and subconsciously) is portrayed here.

Now, Can You Answer This?

Will you please tell me how long it takes for bread dough or other yeast mixture to rise to double its bulk? No cookery book ever tells this.

THE time depends on the amount of yeast used and the warmth provided during the rising. It is not possible to give this exactly.

The temperature of the room should be between 80 and 84 degrees Fahr.

If the flour is warmed a little in the first place the process of rising will be quickened. If cold flour is used the time required will be much longer.

Again, the raising will be hastened if the dough is placed on the plate rack over the cooker or in an airing cupboard or in front of an open fire or over a pan of warm water. Dough, under ideal conditions, will double its bulk in 1-1½ hours.

The United States Department of Agriculture states that more liquid should be used in making cakes and bread in dry climates than in making these foods where the air contains moisture. It is often necessary to use two extra tablespoons of liquid for

every cup called for in regular recipes when using cake flour to bake cake in a dry climate.

RECIPE.—Gingerbread with apple topping.

Bake gingerbread and serve warm or cold with the following topping: Beat one egg white until stiff. Add two tablespoons sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add half cup apple sauce, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, and a little grated lemon rind. Serve on squares of gingerbread.

Don't Blame Luck For Your Hose Trouble

DON'T say that you don't have any luck with stockings. If your hosiery drawer is a mess of orphans, of stockings with runners that you intend to have fixed, and stockings with runners that you know aren't worth fixing, and you never have a decent pair for a date, it isn't because you're "hard on stockings"—it's probably because you're not applying your brains to your feet.

It's plain silly to wear a 60 gauge 15 denier nylon with a walking shoe. You'll not only be spending your money foolishly and perhaps ruining the very stockings you should be hoarding for a big date, but you'll just look as though you forgot to wear stockings at all.

Nude Look

The nude look with a delicate sandal is one thing, and a stockingless look with sports clothes is something else again. Something, incidentally, that no well-dressed woman affects.

If your toe pokes right through your stockings it's simply a sign that you are wearing them too short. If they wear at the heel, take your shoe to a shoemaker and find out what causes it. If they pop runs as you're pulling them on, the leg size is too small. If they go at the knee you are probably using a stocking that is too short, and if you buy them too long and catch your garters below the garter-top you have only yourself to thank for the resulting runs. There is a size, a style and a length for every leg. It is bad judgment not to buy the type that fits.

And as for "orphans"... do you buy at least three pairs at a time, and keep the surviving "orphan" to pair with its twin later on? If you don't, you're not economical of either your time or your money.

This week's GADGET

By JOAN DALE



A NEW well-designed plastic condiment set with no difficult-to-clean corners.

In ivory, blue, green or orange, they cost 6d. each for salt and pepper pourers, 9d. for a two-piece stand, 1s. 6d. for the three-piece stand (as in picture), 9d. for the mustard-pot, and 11d. for the spoon.

London Express Service.

Quite A Silky Problem

By ELEANOR ROSS

THE most popular weaves this spring, at least, are Shantung with its rough, nubby surface. This weave is reeled from two or more entangled cocoons to make an uneven weave. Surah, another favourite, is a soft, lightweight silk with a fine, diagonal twill or narrow, parallel diagonal lines. Tie silk, sometimes confused with foulard and surah, is similar to foulard, and is of a weight and weave suitable for men's ties and is a quality fabric.

Printed Weave

Foulard is light and soft and designates a printed weave of a good tie-silk quality. Foulard has soft, flat horizontal ribs or cords, and bengaline has the same weave, only heavier and more pronounced. Foulard is taffeta woven with a fine cross rib but retaining that fabric's closely woven, smooth qualities. Paper taffeta is extra lightweight and crisp. Crepe has a fine, crinkly surface, and Canton crepe, flat crepe and crepe de Chine all share this quality, some more, some less.

Tussah, which comes from India, is very much like Shantung and comes from the cocoons of wild, rather than cultivated, silk worms. Spun silk is made from short fibres of silk from various sources. As for the term "weighted silk," it means that the fabric has been immersed in a tin-salt solution. As the fibres absorb some of the solution, they increase their body and weight. But this type of silk is gradually disappearing from the market.

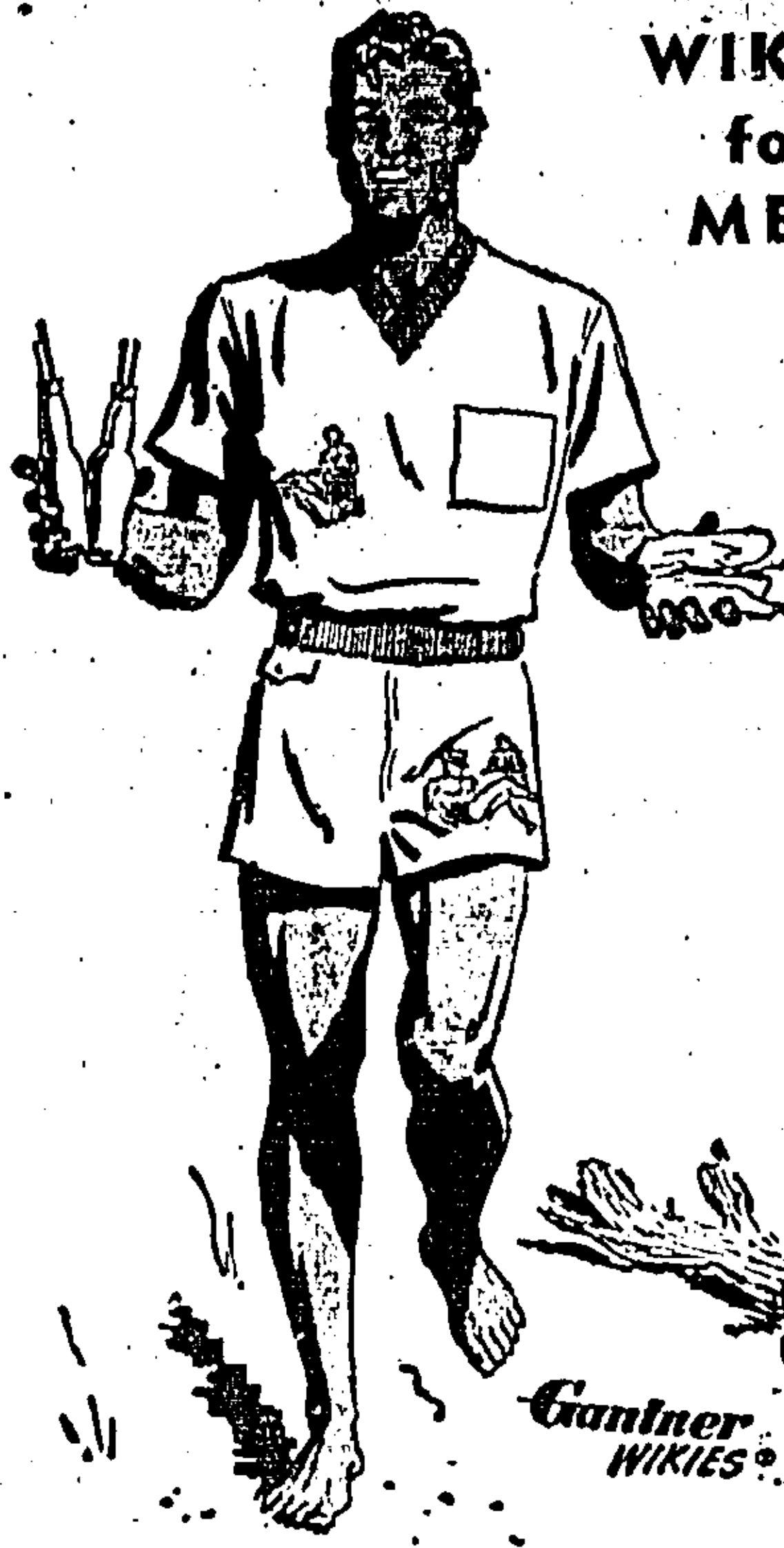
Silk Care

As for silk care, unless tagged as washable, don't take chances, but have the garment dry-cleaned. Washable silks come out beautifully if washed in lukewarm suds, soap or detergent, thoroughly rinsed and then ironed carefully with the heat controls properly set. Some white silks have the tendency to turn a cream white or even yellow after repeated tubbing. There are cake-type bleaching agents that sometimes do a good job on some silks if handled according to directions. But don't attempt the job with the usual chlorine type bleaches.

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GIRARD PERREGAUD

Time Watches since 1791





TWO American fliers who were released after 19 months' detention by the Chinese Communists passed through Hongkong on their way home on Monday. They are Master Sergeant Elmer C. Bondor, U.S. Marine Corps (centre) and Chief Construction Electrician's Mate William C. Smith (left). Picture taken on USS Horace Bass. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR A. L. Powell, Senior Revenue Inspector (with dark tie, facing camera), who is retiring from the Hongkong Government service, with colleagues who gave a dinner in his honour at the Kam Ling Restaurant last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



ABOVE, left and right are four pictures taken at the Ball given by Warrant Officers and Sergeants of 1st Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, at the Kowloon Cricket Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the recent wedding at St Margaret's Church, Happy Valley, of Mr Fung Ho-hon and Miss Alerio Margaret Bowon. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: A happy group taken at the Taikoo Club on the occasion of the birthday party for Senga, son of Mr and Mrs J. McArthur. (Ming Yuen)



MR and Mrs Guy de Roo after their wedding last week at St Joseph's Church. The bride was formerly Miss Gilberto Priscilla Degrand. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Photograph taken at the farewell party given in honour of Mr C. H. M. Lloyd, Senior Warehouse Manager of NAAFI, by his colleagues at the Kam Tong Restaurant. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Sub-Inspector Chan Yuen-chong, of the Hongkong Police, and his bride, formerly Miss Lee Chi-wan, who were married recently at the Registry.



BELOW: Colleen Ann Williamson Smith blowing out the candles on the cake at a party celebrating her ninth birthday. (Francis Wu)



MR and Mrs Chan Po-chuen pose for a picture after their recent wedding at the St Francis Hotel. The bride was Miss Tang Woon-ching. (Brilliant Studio)



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WAS THIS THE 'CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE'?

Seeking the lost continent under the Atlantic

By GEORGE HOWARD

SOME time this year a London archaeologist hopes to find a few pieces of carved stone or brick which will render the world's history books out of date.

Those relics may be brought to the surface of the sea from the submerged continent of Atlantis. They will prove—if discovered—that a civilisation existed in an area now covered deep under the Western Atlantic.

In legend and folklore Atlantis is no mystery. In almost every country bordering the ocean and the

Mediterranean, from Babylon to Mexico, and Egypt to Panama, records from the dim twilight of time refer to it as a land of beauty, fertility, and highly organised life.

But to modern anthropology and geology its existence during the half a million years in which man has lived on earth is a subject of acute controversy.

FACT-FABLE 5,000 books on it

IN a house in Chelsea the man who knows more about Atlantis of fact and fable than anyone else, Mr. Egerton Sykes, is organising an expedition with two bathyspheres and underwater cameras, which he hopes will definitely identify the lost continent.

What are the facts about Atlantis? Experts believe it to have been the cradle of the human race. And they believe that its destruction put back the progress of the human race by many thousands of years.

An enormous mass of literature exists on the subject. There are 5,000 books in the world's museums devoted to it.

They range from Plato's description, written about 400 B.C., a revised work by a great nineteenth-century authority, Ignatius Donnelly, published last year in New York.

Today, there is complete confirmation of the existence at one period of a vast tract of land rising high above the rolling plains of the Atlantic sea bed.

It runs down the middle of the ocean like an elongated S, stretching from Iceland almost to the Antarctic.

Only a few of its highest peaks—20,000 feet above the sea bed—emerge above water to form the islands of Tristan da Cunha, Ascension, and the Azores.

A remarkable fact about the Ridge is that its shape fits with extraordinary detail into the contours of the coasts on either side of the ocean.

It is the missing piece of a jigsaw puzzle which needs only to be pushed together to become one great mass.

Geologists are satisfied that America has slowly drifted away from Europe and Africa. It is still doing so.

The break which left the spinal column of the mass by itself must have occurred millions of years before any form of mammalian life appeared.

But there has always been argument concerning the time at which the isolated land disappeared beneath the waves.

PLATO WROTE Of its culture

CONVENTIONAL scientific views are that the sinking was part of the birth throes of the world, like the original separation.

"But," points out Mr. Sykes, "terrestrial changes of the pre-mammal era naturally don't get into folklore."

"Yet stories of a Deluge are universal. They are found in the Sagas, the Eddas legends of the Aztecs, Mayas, and Toltecs of Central and South America, as well as in the records of the Babylonians, Hebrews, and Egyptians."

"All the peoples of antiquity tell similar stories of the Garden of Delights, the Hesperides, the Garden of Eden, the Terrestrial Paradise, and Atlantis."

"The most reliable of all the accounts, given factually and without the symbolism of folklore, is that of Plato. It is incomplete because it was his last work."

"But he gives descriptions of the country, its mode of government, engineering works for irrigation and a port, industries, and buildings in great detail."

"Plato wrote about Atlantis because the subject had been of great interest to his ancestor, Solon, who went to Egypt to get details from the historical records kept by the priests."

"Not the least interesting point is that Plato was a philosopher. He had no interest in fiction or romance. He analysed everything before he wrote it down."

Plato puts the date of the destruction of Atlantis, which he says happened in a day and a night, at about 9500 B.C. This is much earlier than any era of recorded history.

In other accounts of the catastrophe, such as the Biblical story of the Flood, the inundation was not as sudden as one day and night.

ENGULFED But some escaped

THERE are several theories to account for both the sudden and gradual drowning of the continent.

"One," explains Mr. Sykes, "is that the moon was not a satellite of the earth at all, but a planet describing an orbit between those of the world and Mars."

"It came too close, was captured by the earth's attraction for a smaller body, and retained as a satellite."

When this happened the upheaval was tremendous. The Poles shifted slightly. Enormous masses

of water were pulled by gravity to raise the level of the Atlantic by many hundreds of feet.

In a matter of days Atlantis was engulfed—but not before a few of the inhabitants took to boats and rafts to carry the tidings to the Old and New Worlds, where their stories became legends.

At first, Atlantis may not have been very far under the water. Gradually it has sunk deeper.

However it happened, the Atlantis experts mostly put the date of the disaster at about 10,000 B.C.

The first true men were scratching and painting pictures on bones and rock 10,000 years before that in the caves of Spain and South-Western France.

These scratchings suggest a considerable training in line, colour, and impressionism—and the men who made them lived within a few days' voyage of the lost continent.

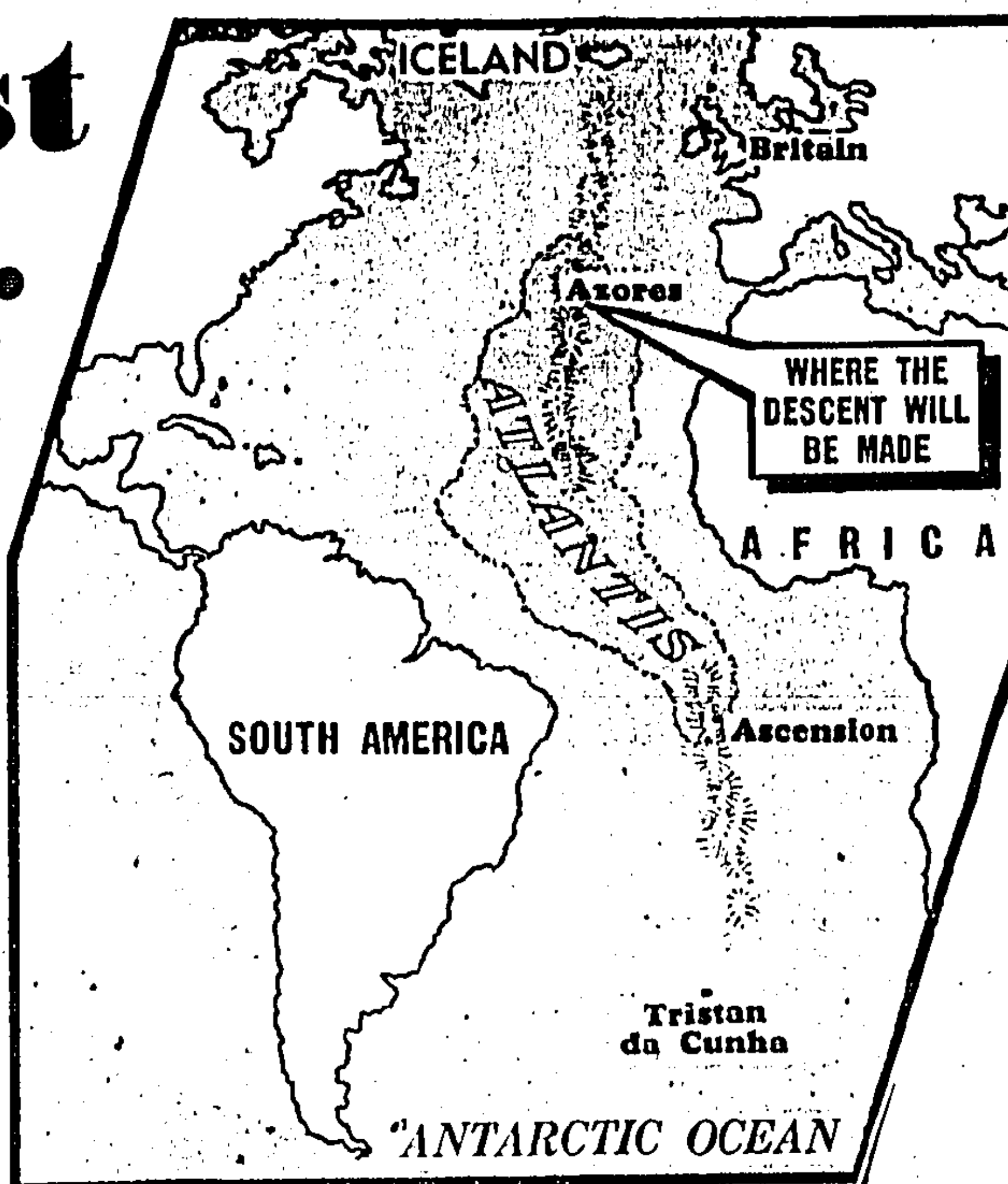
Mr. Sykes plans to search under the surface of the sea around the Azores.

"When these islands were rediscovered by the Portuguese they were uninhabited," he says. "Any traces of buildings must therefore belong to an earlier culture."

"Obviously we cannot hope to find very much, for the area I plan to investigate would have been high on a mountainside."

"It will be much the same as if some future explorer had to rely on relics found on the upper slopes of Mont Blanc to prove the existence of civilization in Europe."

"But there should be traces: balustrades, terraces, stairways, even a temple."



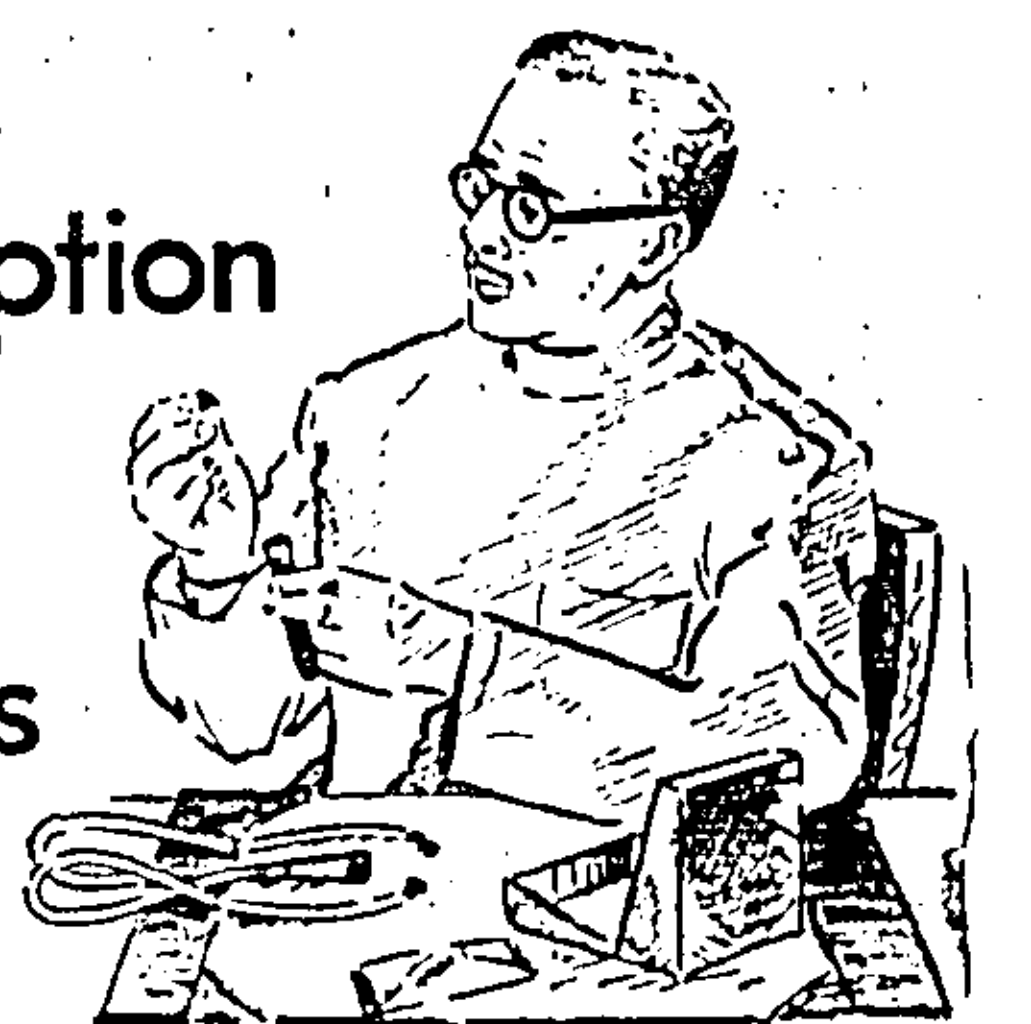
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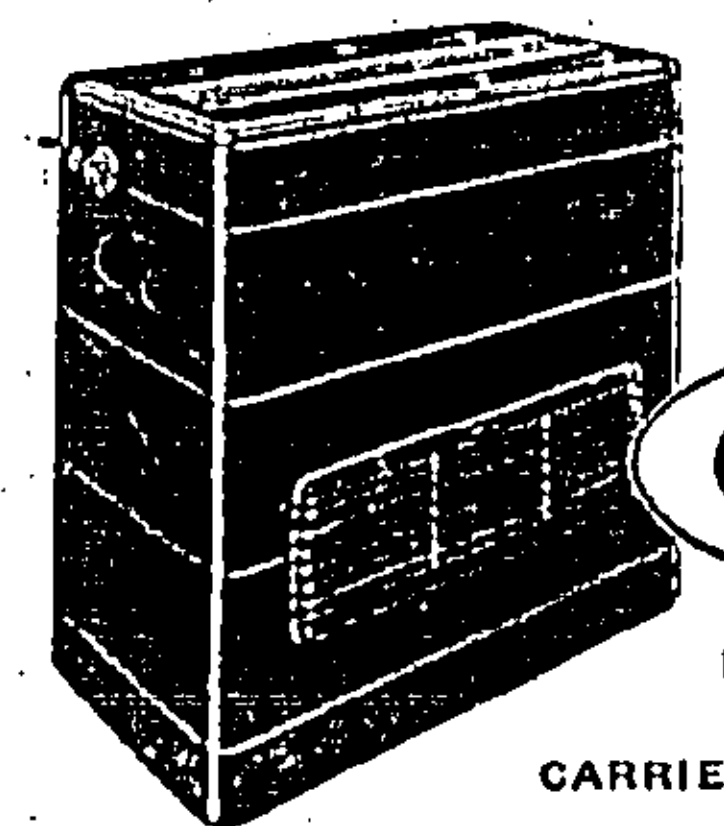
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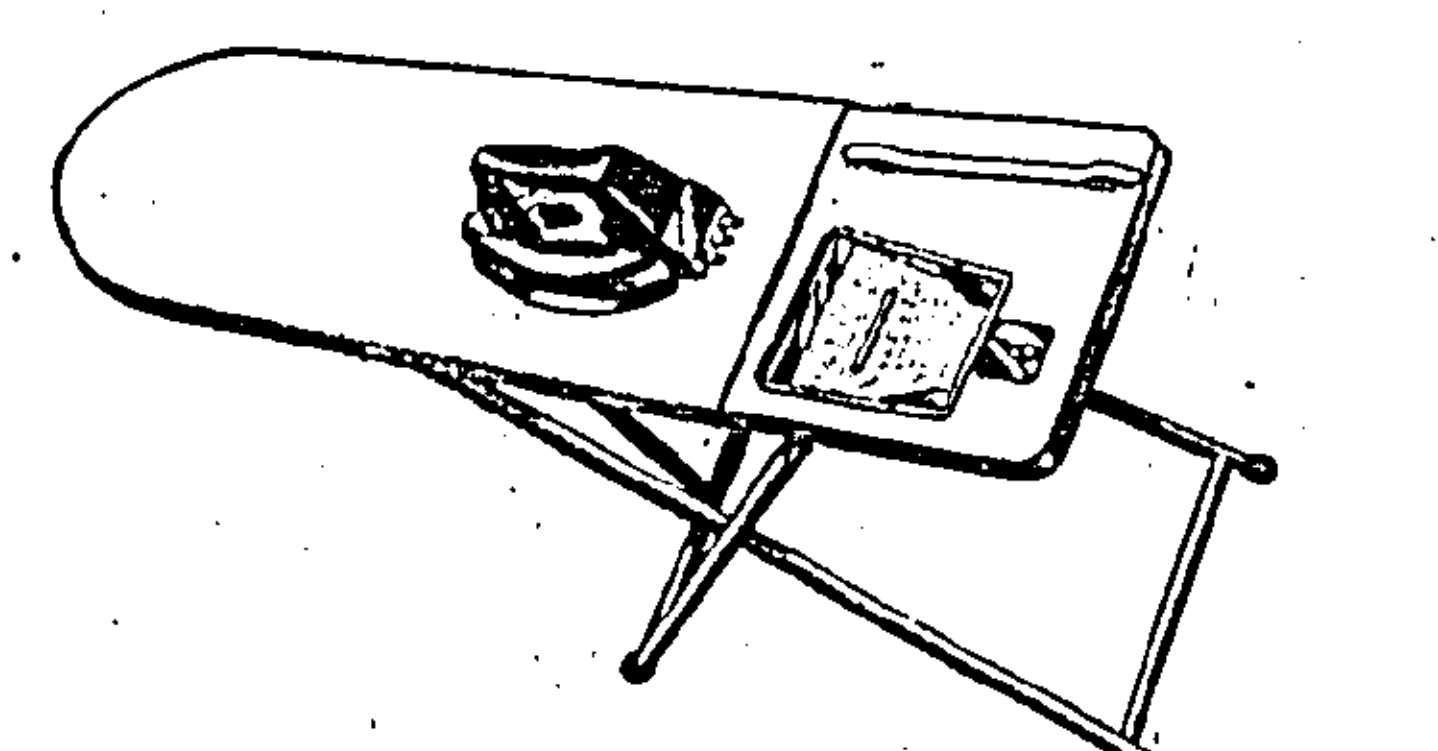
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C.V.R. Thompson Planning is costly

NEW YORK. EVERYTHING is suddenly beginning to cost a little more. Planning, nature, and a heavy demand are blamed.

Planning, in the form of Washington's policy of giving subsidies to keep up farmers' prices, is responsible for dearer meat.

Nature, through drought in the corn belt, is causing wheat prices to climb.

And they will probably go up again, when the Government forecasts that 200 million bushels of the winter wheat crop will be lost.

Nature, again, by providing a late spring and too much frost, is making housewives pay nearly 20 percent more for vegetables.

Demand has increased the price of British rubber so much that tyres are on their way up. So are four rubber pillows, mattresses, and cushions, now a great American fad.

Demand for cocoa, again mostly British-owned, will soon make sweets more expensive.

But runaway inflation is not likely. Prices of these things are still nearly half what they were at their post-war worst. U.S. experts will drop this year and there are plenty of bargains yet.

WANTED—more dollars from Britain. Notice to this effect was served by Ellis Arnall, president of the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers, as he sailed for Britain aboard the Queen Mary. He will join the negotiations by film chief Eric Johnston with the Board of Trade's Harold Wilson in an effort to increase the £17,000,000 worth of dollars Hollywood now takes out of Britain.

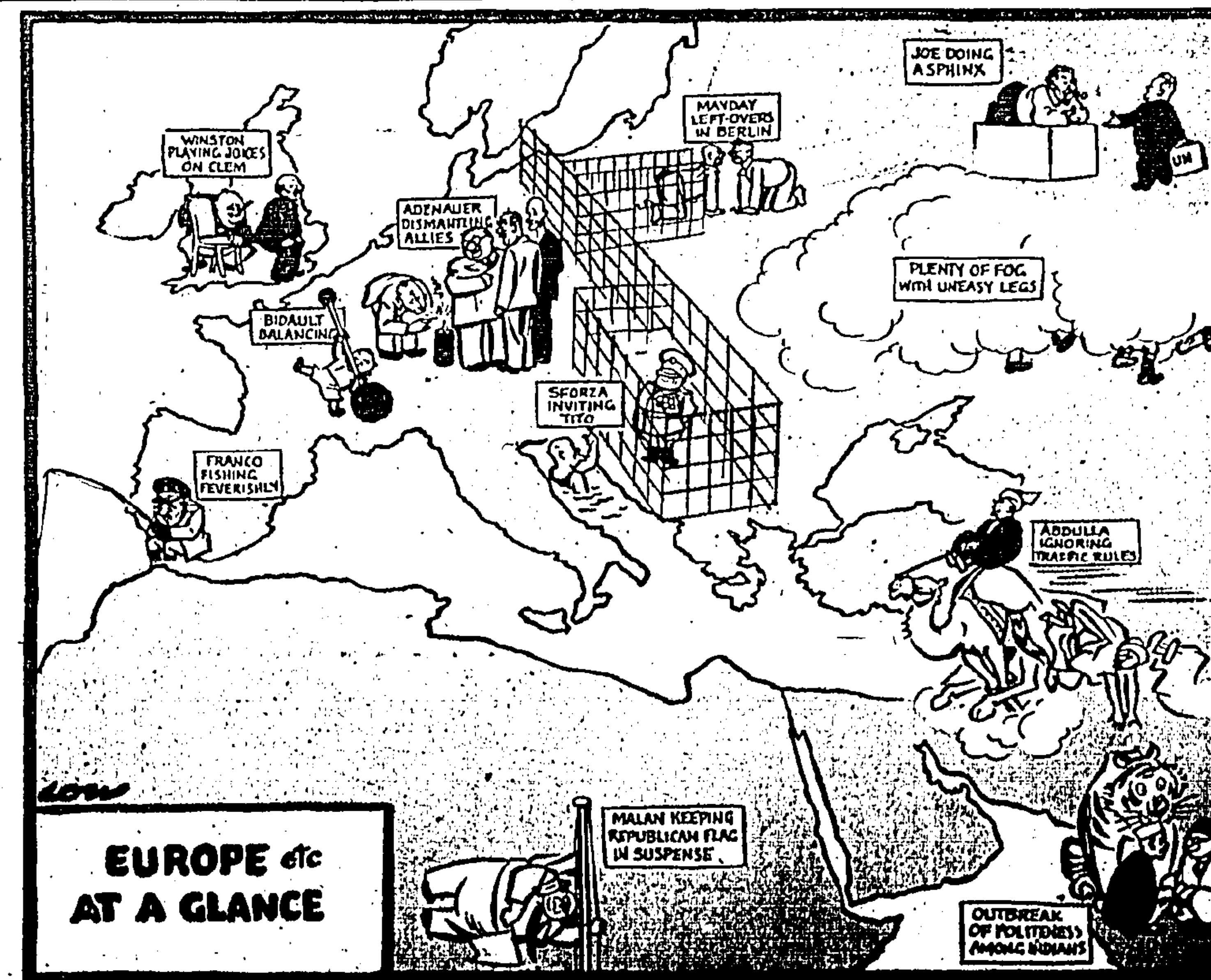
Said Arnall: "We shall want more, but we want to work out a live-and-let-live policy."

BOOKMAKERS are now running almost faster than the horses which give them their living. They are getting away from New York because big gamblers are beginning to tell all to the authorities. One business man, unnamed as yet, told of a bookmaker who took £7,000 from him in one day. Another listed nearly £150,000 worth of losing bets made, and all the bookmakers with whom he had done business.

EVERYONE in Mount Vernon, a New York suburb, is being most careful to say "Please" and "Thank you." That is because the mayor, William Hussey, the soul of courtesy himself, wants Mount Vernon to set the world an example.

He has asked all citizens, even the police, to be more polite. "What can I do for you?" he asked affably when I telephoned him to find out the reason for this campaign.

His reply: "Lack of courtesy is now world-wide. Many world problems are caused by inconsiderate people. Maybe Mount Vernon can start something. And thank you for calling."



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(London Express Service)

Don't Be Shy Of A Mirror

SAY THE BEDSER TWINS

If you want to be a great batsman don't be afraid to do what all the great actors and orators do—practise in front of the mirror.

Cut out the action shot pictures below, paste them at the edge of a full or three-quarter length mirror—that one on the wardrobe door will do—and go through the motions with bat in hand.

Ranji did it, often for hours on end—and he was one of the greatest-ever batsmen.

YOUR OWN COACH . . .

You can be your own coach and correct your own faults. The great thing is to cultivate your own style.

Do not get us wrong. We do not advocate unorthodoxy, but it is better to be yourself than, say, a sixth-rate imitation of Denis Compton.

No matter whether you open the innings for England or bat No. 9 for Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh, there are certain shots you must know how to play correctly if you are to get the fullest enjoyment out of the game.

First get the stance right.

Grip the bat firmly with the left hand, which should be just above the middle of the handle with the "V" formed by thumb and forefinger in line with the outside edge of the bat. The right hand, placed immediately below the left, should not grip too tightly.

ESSENTIALS

Now stand as comfortably as possible, feet slightly apart, weight evenly balanced. Your feet should be as near as possible parallel to the popping crease. Your left shoulder, assuming you are right-handed, should be pointing down the wicket towards the bowler.

Now about those essentials. Cricket is a grand attacking game, but the two most important shots to our mind are the forward and backward defensive strokes.

It sounds cock-eyed, but look at it this way: if you cannot play three straight good length balls correctly you will never be able to use those flushing cover-drives, late-cut and hook—you will be back in the pavilion.

'THE LOVELIEST'

Now let us assume that these two basic shots are mastered. What next?

Well, two of the loveliest and most profitable scoring shots in the entire cricket range are the drive and the cut.

Fundamentally, there is only one drive. All four drives used—the cover, off, straight, and on—are really the same shot with slight variations. All are based on that forward defensive shot.

The ball to be driven is the half-volley—that is a ball of over-pitched length.

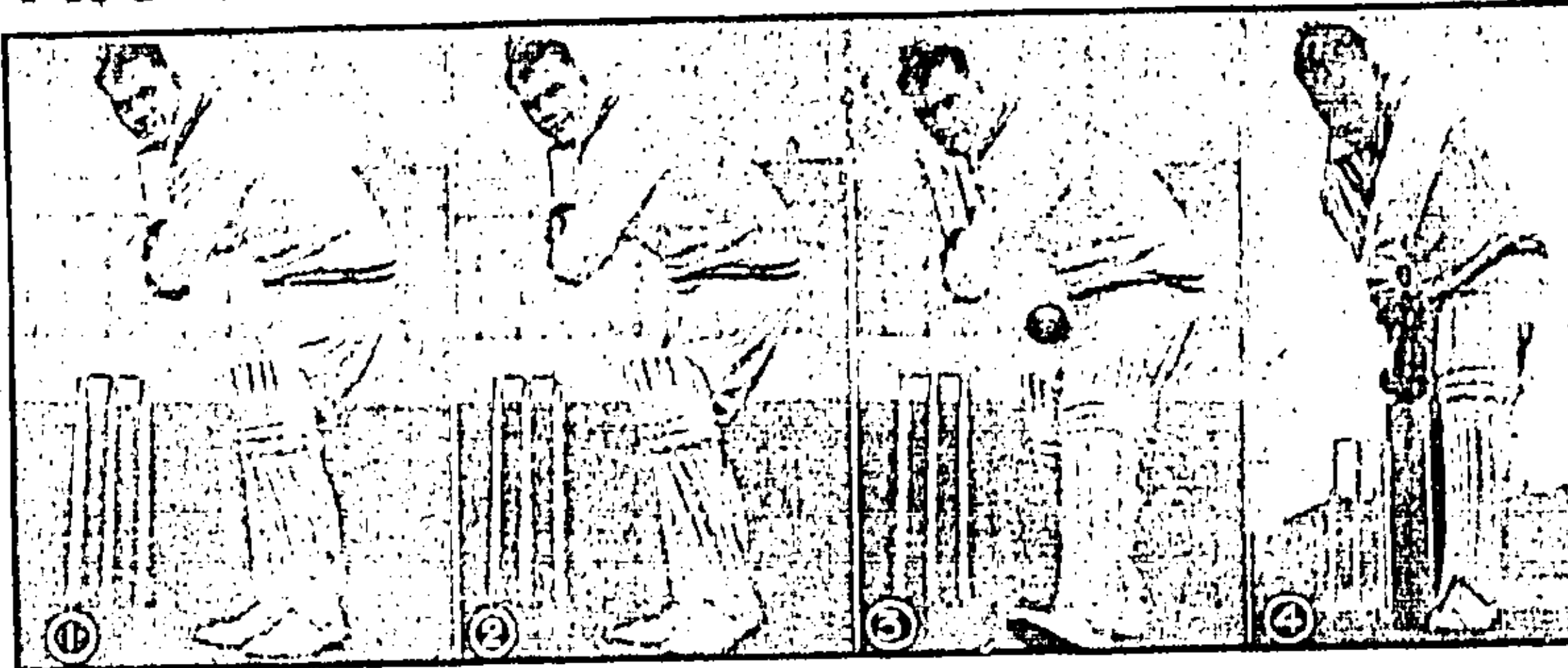
Generally speaking, if the ball is pitched on the middle stump—you should use the straight drive; the off-stump—the off-drive; outside the off-stump—the cover drive.

But remember, when you are going to drive there must be no half-measures. Hit the ball hard. Get your front foot out to the pitch and, above all, watch the ball.

ON THE LAWN

A good tip for private practice is to find a lawn—or any piece of level ground—mark out a batting crease, and place the ball just where a half-volley would pitch. Then step out and

First . . . ERIC SHOWS THE FORWARD DEFENSIVE SHOT



ALEC COMMENTS on Eric's stance: Note straight back—weight away from body to give freedom of movement in making the stroke. Top of back lift: elbows down, swing: left leg moves forward towards the pitch of the ball; toe points towards the intended stroke. Weight on left leg, which "picks" on impact. Head well over bat, which is close to forward leg.

Now . . . THE BACKWARD DEFENSIVE SHOT



Note the straight back—weight is all on the front leg, leaving the other free to move back and across the wicket. Right foot as far back as possible. Right leg pointing forwards only. Left side towards bowler. Demonstrate weight is now all on the right leg, and the left elbow is turned out to the outside. Moment of impact: bat close to right leg, but handle well over the toe of the blade; head over ball.

hit it in the prescribed direction.

A point to underline: Always remember that the toe of your foot should be pointing in the direction you intend hitting the ball—and keep your bat straight.

The drive played off the front foot is very similar in execution to the forward defensive shot. The difference is that you put more power behind the shot and complete the follow through.

You can also drive off the back foot with tremendous power, the stroke being a

RISKY ONE

The late cut is a rather risky shot—all strokes not played with a straight bat are.

But the late cut is such a beautiful stroke to play and to watch that all batsmen must try it sooner or later, so, if you don't want to present first slip with a "dolly" catch you must get it right.

Before you try this shot select the right ball: one pitched short outside the off stump. It is

dangerous to cut a rising ball, or one where you cannot get right on top.

Cricket's First Rules Were Set Out On Linen

On a linen handkerchief—dated about 1741—are set out the earliest printed laws of cricket. The players are pictured at their game: the laws are reproduced round the edges.

One studies this with a sort of reverence in a new book, *The Laws of Cricket: Their History and Growth*, written by Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Ball, secretary of the MCC (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). It is a learned study of a subject full of doubts and dilemmas, and takes over 200 years and more of cricket history.

BOWLED CROOKED

For example, did you know this?

The first law to deal with wides probably resulted from a well-known incident at Lord's in 1810 during a single-wicket match between the forceful character Lord Frederick Beauclerk and T. C. Howard on the one side, and Squire Osbaldeston and William Lambert on the other. The Squire was taken ill, but Lord Frederick insisted on play or pay, on which Lambert, realising he could bowl wide of the wicket without any penalty, consistently did so to his noble opponent, who lost his temper, his wicket, and the match. It is these by-ways of information that make the book so fascinating even to the unlearned about cricket.

(London Express Service)

SPORTS SCHOOL



Yes. It Pays To 'Buy' Wickets

Q. When is the best time, from a bowler's viewpoint, to attack a batsman?

Alec: Straight away. Attack from the first ball, before he has settled down; before he judges the pace of the wicket and gets "set." Study your opponents. Get to know their strength and weaknesses and play on them or bowl to them.

Q. Do you believe in "buying" wickets?

Alec and Eric: Yes. Against a really good batsman on a wicket it is often your only chance of success. You must study your opponent.

Find out his favourite shots and try to discover a shot he likes to play but which he hasn't quite mastered. Really it is a matter of psychology. The idea is to feed his vanity, give him a few cheap runs, then "pop" one down that is not quite the same.

If luck is with you he'll have a "dip," fall into the trap, and you've bought your wicket. It may cost a few runs, but it is often worth giving away two or three boundaries to get rid of a potential century maker.

Q. What is one of the most disconcerting balls?

Alec and Eric: A fastish " Yorker"—that is a ball which pitches pretty well in the "bat-hole." If you are a bowler use it sparingly, for it is a surprise packet and as such must not be overdone, otherwise the batsman—if he survives the first one—will soon know how to deal with it.

Q. What is the best advice you can give to would-be batsmen?

Eric: Keep your eye on the ball. Don't just watch it leave the bowler's hand—follow it all the way.

Q. And the next most important piece of advice after that?

Eric: Keep your bat straight and use your feet. A straight bat is usually a safe bat, and if you use your feet to get out to the ball you can hit half-volleys, and you know what to do with a half-volley: drive it, good and hard.

Q. What is your tip for bowling perfection?

Alec: This is how I started as a youngster, and I recommend it for everyone, from junior schoolboy to top-class cricketer.

Mark out a wicket, and place one stump at each end. Then place a sheet of paper about a foot square on the spot where a good-length ball should pitch, and start bowling.

Your aim: To pitch the ball on the sheet of paper, and knock the stump down. When you can do that five times out of ten you are well on the way to being a bowler.

(London Express Service)

Defending Her Titles

Sylvia Cheeseman, Britain's leading girl sprinter last season, is wondering how soon the muscle she tore just before the Empire Games will be completely fit again.

"If all goes well," she says, "I shall be defending my national sprint title, and I am hoping to get into the British team for the European Championships in Brussels next August."

According to a ranking list published by the European Athletic Federation, Miss Cheeseman's best 200 metres time last season (24.4 sec.) was beaten only by Fanny Blankers-Koen, 24.3 sec.

Miss Cheeseman prefers the furling to the shorter sprint.

OFF TO TRIPOLI

Brigadier R. G. S. Hobbs, one of the two Army representatives on the Rugby Union committee, is leaving for Tripoli (writes Hyllon Cleaver). He will remain there for anything up to two years. This will be a loss to the Army Rugby Union and to the governing body.

Hobbs played for Richmond, and for England four times in 1932.

(London Express Service)

REVIEW OF THE SOFTBALL SEASON:

Men's Junior League Season Was In Some Respects The Most Successful In Years SAYS "STARDUST"

The Men's Junior League in 1949-50 was in some respects the most successful in many seasons. A record entry of twelve teams as compared with eight last year, contested the "Ernie Heather" Shield. So closely contested was the battle that there was a three-way tie for the Championship at the end of the regular league schedule. This necessitated a play-off for the title on a knock-out system. The pennant race, with talent equally allocated between all clubs, afforded fans with one of the finest competitions in league history.

Sabu Samy's Rexes, on the strength of organised team play and experience, took an early season lead but at no time were able to open up a safe margin. By the middle of the season the consistent and peppery Blackhaws had taken over the top spot and the final weeks of the pennant race saw a three-team dog-fight between the Blackhaws, Rexes and Jaguars. It was not until three weeks before the end of the official season that the Blackhaws Club was able to nail the pennant to the mast in a well-deserved victory for a second year Club in the circuit.

Rennie Sequeira's Blackhaws are to be congratulated on their fine performance in securing the pennant. This Club was prominent in its slugging at the plate. It had a well-balanced ball machine and was particularly fortunate in possessing two reliable pitchers in Joey Gracia and Josie Ribeiro.

The heavy clouting of the Gutteres brothers, Manuel and Antonio, and pint-size Roberto Nunes provided the Club with plenty together as a team and their consistency won them the Championship.

The Rexes started its campaign like a house on fire but failed to live up to expectations. Hitting out powerfully in their early season games, they looked as if they would walk away with the flag, but they cracked up badly going into the final stretch, dropping decisions and the unpredictable Overseas, to end up in a tie with the Blackhaws and Jaguars for the Championship. They were fortunate in drawing the bye in the play-off but in the deciding tussle against the Blackhaws they lost out.

The Jolting Jaguars, an average ball club, managed to battle their way into the play-offs. They had no outstanding players, but in offence and defence they were taking advantage of the breaks that came their way made good use of them to end up in a tie for second place.

DISAPPOINTING

The Overseas were one of the disappointments in this circuit. They had a first-class ball club, but were erratic in their play. On their good days they were capable of beating all the other clubs. They deserved to hold a better position than fourth place, but to gain a Championship a club must be consistent in their play and the Overseas were not.

The Spartans, Braves, Aces and Pandas were always thralls to the top teams. They all started off strongly but faded away badly in the later stages of the pennant race. These four clubs had their share of heavy hitters but they lacked a tight defence.

The Delawares and Griffins finished in a tie for the cellar berth. Despite their poor showings, these two Clubs provided a couple of upsets when the Delawares beat the Jolting Jaguars and the Griffins topped the Rexes, earlier in the season.

Eddie Remedios of the Braves won the batting title for this season with a 39.7 average and Blackhaws Joey Gracia came a close second with .383.

The coveted Most Valuable Player Trophy awarded annually to the individual with the highest achievement in the realm of Softball, rightfully belongs to Joey Gracia of the Junior Blackhaws who was selected by popular vote.

The standard of Softball in the Junior loop this season was not as high as last year but the players were out there every week-end giving of their best. What they lacked in polish and finesse they made up in keenness and hustle.

HERE AND THERE

The Jolting Jaguars are to invade Macao this week-end. A 15-member team, accom-

panied by a Manager and a Coach, will leave by the ss. Hu Men tomorrow morning to show their talent in an exhibition against the Champion Macao Softball team.

The following are the Jaguars, players:—Ollie Vas (Manager); Hal "Mexicali" Rose; Winglee (Coach); Frankie "Sambo" Correa (c); Vic Pedruco (p); Frankie Barro (lb); "Chandu" Pedruco (2b); Gerry Van Lan-penberg (3b); Umberto Mose (ss); Llenel "Jive King" Sequeira (lf); "Jojo" Baptista (cf); and Nelson Souza (rf). Utilities—Edo Noronha, Lino Marques, Rennie Sequeira of the Madcaps, and Tony Kwok of the Overseas Chinese.

FAREWELL DINNER

A farewell dinner party was held last Wednesday at the Butterfly Restaurant in honour of Chief Inspector Jim Shepherd of the Hongkong Police Force who is leaving the Colony today for New Zealand on retirement after 22 years in Hongkong. This dinner was given by the General Council of the Hongkong Softball Association.

Mr. Jim Shepherd is the Vice-President of the Association and this may probably be our last opportunity to fraternise with our popular and hard-working Vice-President, so fans will join me in wishing him the best of luck in his new sphere and assure him that we will be thinking of him when we next get together for another softball game.

The success of the recent Mildreds Softball League has been due to a great extent to Mr. Shepherd, and I am sure we softball players feel greatly indebted to him for the number of enjoyable games played during the softball season. A Silver Challenge Cup for the Mildreds' League has been donated by Mr. Shepherd, and we hope to see it in the hands of a good player.

CELEBRATION

A dinner party in honour of the Braves' softball team, Senior League Champions and winners of the "Doc" Molten Shield, was given by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Osmond last week at their home at Homantin.

Members of the Squaws and the Junior Braves also attended. Charming Carmen Souza, runner up for the Junior Ladies' Batting title, was the main attraction of the evening and entertained with her singing.

Prior to the dinner, Charlie "Ole Hoss" Figueiredo, manager of the Senior Braves, was pre-



Charlie Figueiredo

sented with a bronze statuette of a softball player by Robert Remedios, non-playing captain of the Senior Braves.

LOWSON OUT FOR SEVEN



Frank Lawson, bowled by Sonny Ramadhin for seven during the match between Yorkshire and the West Indies at Bradford. Yorkshire were all out for 91, but the tourists could only reply with 132.—Central Press Photo.

K. O. CANNON WITH WHISPER IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE



—(London Express Service)

It's not the same off the screen

By Patricia Clary

HANDSOME Paul Henreid shows the ladies with devoted attention in movies. But he says they're silly to expect the same thing from their husbands.

Even Henreid, after a long, happy marriage, no longer kisses his wife's hand and pays her flowery compliments each evening.

"Even Sir Walter Raleigh," he said, "would have stopped spreading his coat in mud puddles for his wife after a few rainy seasons. He couldn't have afforded to pay the cleaning bills."

Henreid, currently playing a swashbuckling buccaneer in Columbia's "Last of the Buccaneers," said most women who write him complain that the honeymoon is over after the first year of marriage. He says "It's then that the husband begins to forget the little things he used to remember," Henreid said. "He takes things for granted. He gets out of the car and just walks away, leaving his wife to open her door and get out by herself."

Kisses dwindle

"He used really to kiss his wife when he got home at night. Now he gives her an automatic peck on the cheek. He used to notice what she wore."

"One woman wrote that now she could walk out wearing a leopard skin loin cloth with a live turkey on her head and her husband wouldn't know the difference."

Another wife complained that her man used to converse intelligently at the breakfast table. Now he burps himself in the newspaper and says only "More coffee."

One husband served his wife breakfast in bed on their first wedding anniversary for the first three years.

Now, she says, he doesn't even remember the date.

"My advice to these women," the suave movie lover says, "is no to worry about the little things husbands forget. It doesn't mean a thing."

"We're all guilty—even me."

No actor

Jackie Robinson, a triple-threat athlete, says he had offers to make a career out of movies, too. But he plans to stick to baseball.

"I'm a ball player, not an actor," the Brooklyn Dodger second baseman said. "It would be ridiculous to try to compete with the many fine actors now in Hollywood."

He'd be an out-of-place in front of the camera, he figures, as Frank Sinatra trying to bat a home-run.

'LOST WEEKEND' AUTHOR COMES A CROPPER...

FICTION has always held a distorting mirror up to Nature. Once it reflected the majority of human beings as creatures of pure romance, too good to live. Now it exposes them as monsters of turpitude, too bad to die.

The world of present-day fiction is dark and dire, largely inhabited by murderers and murderers. With almost as much violence as the medieval romances, it appears as if the author's imagination, love as a man, is at the helm.

Real life is run on different lines, or it would never run at all.

I am moved to these reflections by the latest parcel of pessimism from America. Charles Jackson, having exploited the "Lost Weekend" and "The Fall of Valour," has succumbed to the "OUTER EDGES" (Peter Nevill, 8s. 6d.).

It is the attractions of the criminal, followed by a murder and mutilation, as a theme for a domestic novel.

His purpose is to prove—in a series of eye-opening dialogues—that newspaper accounts of a murder which killed two little girls with his garden shears adversely affected the lives of all the people who read them.

One youth they inspired to attempt a similar murder. In all the other books, the author, in his garden shears, adversely affected the lives of all the people who read them.

Logically, this novel should itself prove perilous. I am here to testify that, even towards the author, it has induced in me no homicidal impulses—only a distaste for such methods of levying emotional blackmail upon the sensitive, and illustrating the fancy of the purblind.

If I were to pour on it the icy water of moral indignation there would be no sizzling. The story, being founded on too gross an assumption, never catches fire. It leaves me, fully speculating on the future of Charles Jackson. What will he think of next?

ON THE RUNYON

COME along, children, before the boogie man slays you in the skookum for mopey. That wasn't me—that was Damon Runyon in one of the stories forming the collection of literary remains issued under the title of "ALL THIS AND THAT" (Constable, 12s. 6d.).

An introduction by Clark Kinnaird, who thinks Runyon was

more than somewhat of a genius, supplies much biographical detail, such as his passion for clothes (even his hats were "custom-built") and his request (duly honoured) that his ashes should be scattered over Broadway.

It was not Runyon, I may add, who left instructions that 10 percent of his ashes should be dropped on his agent's offices.

HARD-LUCK TALE

GEORGE CAMDEN'S aim in "MY LIFE, MY TIME" (Dent, 8s. 6d.) is to present working-class Londoners at the time of the blitz.

Mistakenly, I think, he hands his novel over to a narrator whom it is difficult to like and who is hard to recognise as a typical Londoner.

The result is more depressing than it need have been—like an elongated whining hard-luck tale.

I do not question its close relation to the facts, nor the warmth of its sincerity. I merely wonder whether B.K., a born writer with hardly any sense for humour, was the best man for the job of sustaining interest and sympathy in a story familiar to millions.

Nevertheless, as it stands, this is a by no means negligible chapter of social history.

PRIMITIVE

THE horrors in "GOD'S THUMB" (Dent, 10s. 6d.) are unapologetic, stark, and primitive.

Post-war Italy is its scene. The village of Aceto is at the foot of a towering mountain which will one day overwhelm it.

Aware of, though not actually awaiting, that impending catastrophe, the villagers exist in a kind of agonised torpor.

From a talk with Andre Deutsch, Wingate's managing director, I gather that Mailer's sliding royalty (10 to 20 percent) will win him over £25,000, payable in dollars.

This is more than covered by the money brought in by the 17,000 copies exported. But production costs of the 100,000 copies were high, about £20,000, so, allowing for normal overheads, I reckon the publisher's profit will be less than the author's.

The book, translated into 11 languages and being filmed at Hollywood, still sells over 500 a week here, and will sell more now that South Africa's ban on British books is lifted.

The story has obscurities, as well as some jarring Americanisms but its effect is beautiful

and terrible. Humour and tenderness effect the violence and hatred.

THE EVIL EYE

HAROLD ACTON'S PRINCE SIDORE (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) is fantastic indulgence. The prince was a jettatore, that is to say, a man with the gift—curse? power? anyhow, inconvenience—of the evil eye. He hardly knew his own visual strength. But it was a glance sometimes wrought havoc. It could subdue lovely and imperious women and therefore create situations (here piquantly illustrated by Topolski) which Byron or Voltaire might have devised. Shocking in both senses of the word, this learned and witty exercise provokes the kind of laughter classified as sardonic.

BEST SINCE

THE public, I am told, shrinks from one-man shows of short stories. So I may be wasting space in recommending THE MAN FROM THE TUNNEL, by Theodor Dessen (Collins, 10s. 6d.), as the best, liveliest and most varied collection of tales I have read since—oh, since never mind when. It was before your time.

(London Express Service)

Successor to "Naked and the Dead"

THERE is to be simultaneous publication here and in America of Norman Mailer's successor to his sensational "The Naked and the Dead."

Since the latter came out here last May, his London publishers (Wingate's) have sold 85,000 copies, and another edition, making 100,000, will soon be ready.

How do author and publisher respectively fare out of it? From a talk with Andre Deutsch, Wingate's managing director, I gather that Mailer's sliding royalty (10 to 20 percent) will win him over £25,000, payable in dollars.

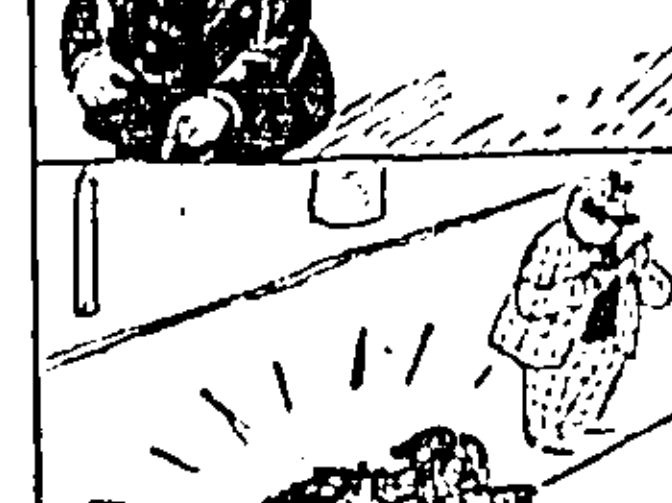
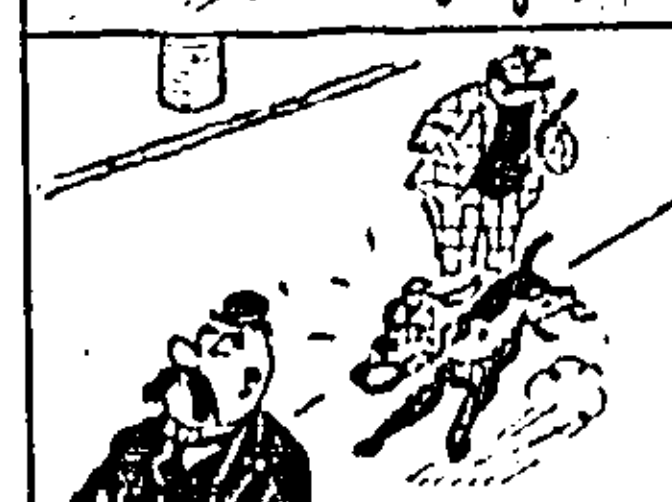
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DAB and FLOUNDER

—by WALTER



New Books by George Malcolm Thomson

Is Fry too witty for the theatre?

THE MIRACULOUS BARBER. By Marcel Ayme. The Bodley Head 9s. 6d. 256 pages.

THIS way for some light distraction from thoughts of H bombs and the baying of politicians. Ayme is dry, naughty and cynical. He is a satirist. But there is as much serious purpose in his satire as there is in a good soufflé.

Open this novel and relax. You will find yourself, with Lasquin the industrialist, attending his daughter's wedding luncheon. Half-way through the meal, Lasquin dies, uttering the words, "Elizabeth."

"Production" is understandable enough. It is the very least one expects of a dying industrialist. But "Elizabeth?"

On the day of the funeral, Madame Lasquin receives an illiterate scrawl which explains everything. Lasquin has been keeping a mistress.

The news gives his widow a morbid pleasure. Life, she feels, has laid its predatory clutch on her. She is now the victim of these real and rather disgraceful happenings in the absence of which one is not quite sure of being alive.

Manuscript of the new book will arrive here in the summer.

Written in a language similar in frankness to that of "The Naked and the Dead," the Prix Goncourt winner "Weekend A Zuydcoote," by Robert Merle, has been having a rough passage in France.

Its characters are French soldiers trapped at Dunkirk. Says Merle: "What kind of language was I to put into their mouths but the real language of soldiers?"

However, the priest of Zuydcoote has issued a violent denunciation of "this muck," enjoining his people not to "soil" themselves by reading it and publicly assailing the selectors for dishonouring the Goncourt Academy in the eyes of decent people.

Upon the younger generation Lasquin's death bears heavily. His new son-in-law, Pierre, is driven into the family business. It will be the wreck of his

career as an athlete, already threatened by marriage. He fears that he may turn into one of those insignificant young men, addicted to women, books, music and other morbid sensations. Pierre turns to atheism and hopes dimly for the overthrow of the social order.

His pretty young wife, Micheline, falls in love with a friend of her husband's named Bernard. But Bernard turns out to be an idealist. Micheline begins to think that she is devoid of sex appeal. From this alarming conclusion she is rescued by Milou, a professional boxer who does not worry unduly about his career as an athlete.

Crazy puppets, outrageous doings, cool-headed and enigmatically witty—everything is here to make a good featherweight novel save perhaps the necessary minimum of story.

MARCEL Ayme was the youngest of six children of a blacksmith. As a boy he spent most of his days swimming and boating. Worked in a bank, as a labourer, film extra, gipsy, life insurance salesman and journalist.

VENUS OBSERVED. By Christopher Fry. Oxford. 6s. 99 pages.

EVERYBODY knows that Fry is witty. But is he not too witty for the theatre? Here, indeed, is play with words. But do the words make a play? The answer may be found at the St James's Theatre.

Before seeing it, read it. Otherwise one-half of the fun and some of the poetry will be lost to you. So swift, so turning are the twists and turns of Fry's imagination. So exuberantly does Fry the virtuoso try to overwhelm Fry the dramatist. The book is as necessary at the play as dark spectacles at an eclipse.

It is, in itself, enchanting reading. As if Wilde had not drunk on Shakespeare before picking up his pen. Fry the virtuoso at work: Perpetua, his heroine, is told by the amorous duke that love may surprise her in the middle of a sentence, provided the sentence is not too short. She replies with a sentence exactly, but not accidentally, 300 words long. It is a lovely sentence.

CHRISTOPHER FRY, 42-year-old poet-playwright, lives in a Cotswolds cottage with his wife and 11-year-old son. He has been teacher, cartoonist, producer and composer of revue music.

THE HOUR OF TRUTH. By David Davidson. Falcon. 9s. 6d. 344 pages.

THIS is a new novel by an American who wrote that impressive study of the moral problems of an occupying army, The Steeper Cliff. His new story has neither the urgency of interest nor the dramatic tension of the earlier book.

It is the story of William Harmon, an American lawyer oppressed by his womanfolk, wife, children and mother-in-law. To escape from it all, Harmon takes a wartime job with an American government mission sent to the rescue of a run-down South American province.

Caught up in a web of intrigue and corruption, Harmon in the end sacrifices his position and (which is harder) his love affair with a woman named Ernestina, in doing so, he wins back self-respect and power to love his wife. The novel of good intentions which fails to stamp itself on the mind.

THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT. By Timothy Angus Jones. James Barrie. 9s. 6d. 232 pages.

"WON'T you come and have a drink?" (p. 16). "He made me drink half my glass at a gulp" (p. 10). "I had drunk too much champagne" (p. 18). "The champagne" (p. 19). "We drank deeply" (p. 22). "Dickie wandered off glass in hand" (p. 23). "You must drink it at one gulp" (p. 20). "I shall be drunk" (p. 31). "Drinking" (p. 32). "I poured out" (p. 42). "Drink" (p. 43). etc. etc. "I decided to have a drink" (p. 22).

Nothing like a change.

LIBRARY LIST

Second Edition. By Neville Cardus. Collins, 12s. 6d. 250 pages. One of the happiest and richest of lives. Cricket and music, the Manchester Guardian and—but let Cardus speak for himself. "Did you know I was once in the room when I heard the Echo recite a poem about a summer night at Salisbury? The candles on the music-stand burned steadily, and the music of the notes of Mozart's music. Or when I watched a group of the notes of the music stand." An Old Room: The Paradox of Edward Fitzgerald. By Peter de Polnay. 12s. 6d. 260 pages. Too much about Peter de Polnay. Not enough about Edward Fitzgerald. There's No Home. By Alexander Pope. Cape, 10s. 6d. 263 pages. British soldiers settle down in a Sicilian town and meet its women. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED. London Express Service.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Why Is It?

By KEMP STARRETT

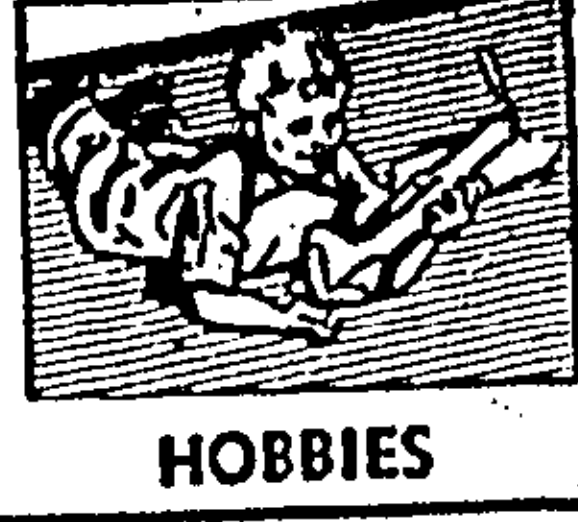




PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

ANOTHER INSTALMENT OF THE SERIAL *Five Fall into Adventure* A SURPRISE VISIT

What has happened so far

Julian, Dick and Anne have come to stay with their cousin George (George for short) and her dog, Timmy. Strange things have happened. Valuable papers have been stolen from George's scientist father, George and Timmy have been kidnapped and spirited away somewhere. A little ragamuffin girl called Jo, who is mixed up in these happenings, promised to help them, but has disappeared. Julian, Dick and Anne set off to find George in Ravens Wood, but have now lost themselves, and are sleeping there for the night.

CHAPTER 16

It took a long time for Julian and Dick to fall asleep. They were both worried—worried about George and worried about themselves, too. They were also very hungry, and their hunger kept them awake as much as their anxiety.

Dick fell asleep at last. Julian still lay awake hoping that Anne was near, and warm between them. He didn't feel very warm himself.

He heard the whisper of the leaves in the trees, and then the

Shadow boxes are popular

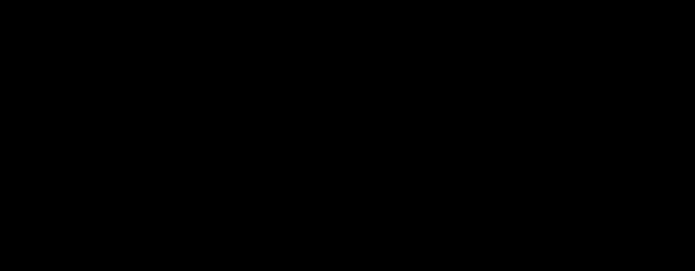
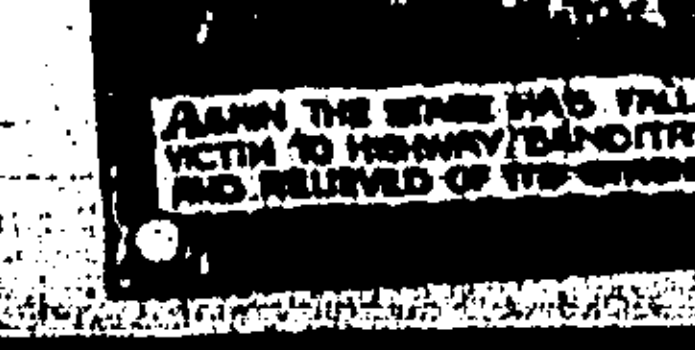
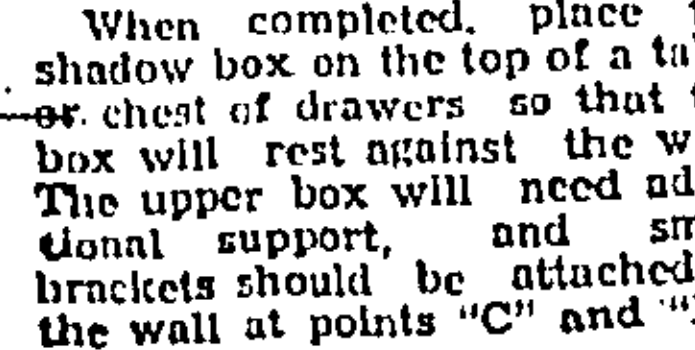
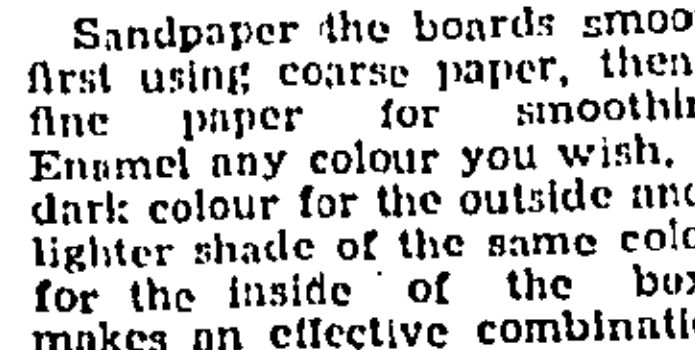
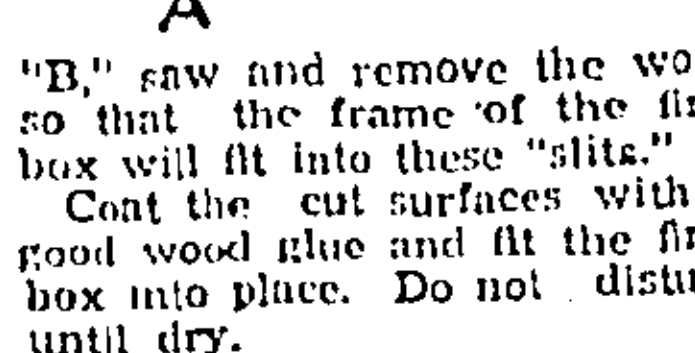
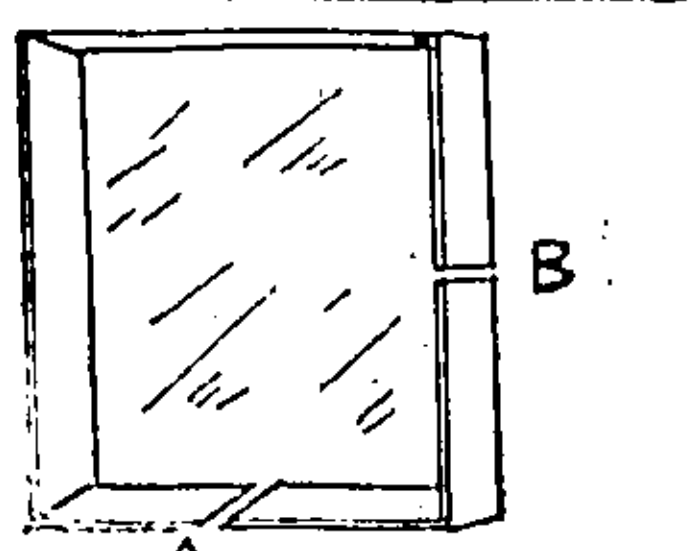
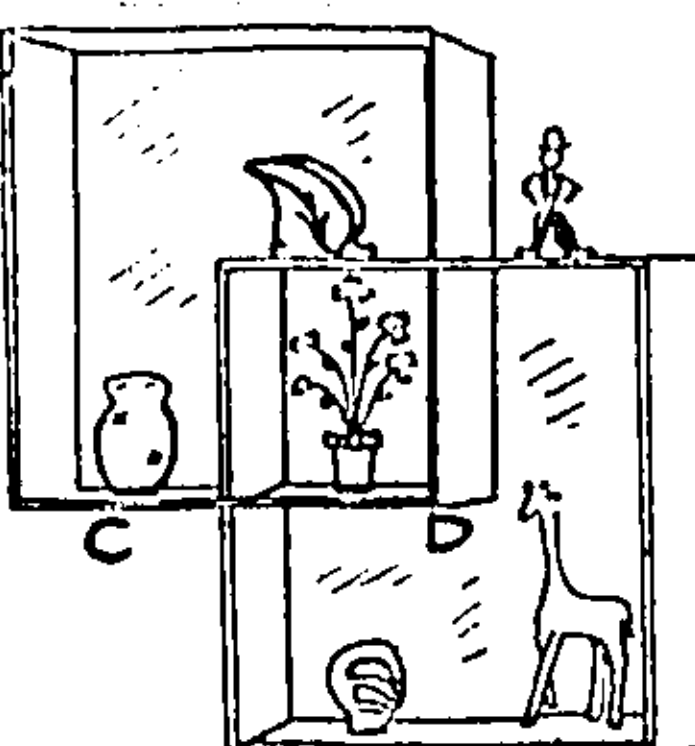
By Violet M. Roberts

SHADOW boxes were popular wall decorations in grandmother's day, and now again are gaining popularity.

Grandma's ornate gold-leaf frames are being replaced today with box-like receptacles, which provide excellent display space for those small pieces of coloured glass which you have been saving. Or, unless your collection is quite large, use a shadow box for your china elephants or miniature dogs.

To make a shadow box at home, obtain from your grocer two shallow empty fruit crates. These are the single boxes, unpartitioned, approximately six inches deep—not the deep apple boxes, or the two-section orange crates.

Remove the bottom boards from each box, taking care not to disturb the frame. You now have two backless frames. Leave one box as it is, but on the second at points "A" and



Julian, his hands trembling, flashed his torch round. The light fell on a dirty dark face, with tangled hair over its eyes. "Jo!" said Julian. "Jo! What on earth are you doing here? You scared me stiff. I thought you were some horrible, hairy animal. I must have touched your head."

"You did," said Jo, squeezing in under the bush. Anne and Dick, who had both wakened up at Julian's yell, gazed at her, speechless with surprise. Jo, of all people, here in the middle of the woods. How had she got there?

"You're surprised to see me, aren't you?" said Jo. "I got caught by Jake. But he didn't know you were following behind. He dragged me off to the cottage he lives in and locked me up. I knew I'd spend the night at Kieran Cottage, and he said he was going to take me to my Dad, who would give me the worst hiding I'd ever had in my life. So he would too."

"So that's what happened to you?" said Dick. "Then I broke the window and got out," said Jo. "That Jake! I'll never do a thing he tells me again—locking me up like that. I hate that worse than anything. Well, then I came to look for you."

"How did you find us?" said Julian in wonder. "Well, first I went to the caravan," said Jo. "Old Ma Smith—the one who always sits stirring a pot—she told me you'd been asking for my Dad's caravan. I guessed you'd go off to find it. So along I went after you—but there was the caravan all by itself, and nobody there. Not even George."

"Where is George, do you know?" asked Anne. "No I don't," said Jo. "Dad's taken her somewhere else. I expect he put her on Blackie, because Blackie's gone, too."

"How did you find us here?" asked Julian. "That was easy," said Jo. "I can follow anybody's trail. I'd have come quicker, but it got dark. My, you did wander round, didn't you?"

"We found something written on the caravan wall," said Julian. "We thank you know where George has been taken. It's a place called Red Tower. Do you know it?"

"There's no place called Red Tower," said Jo at once. "But I can take you to it, when you say there's no place called Red Tower," began Julian, exasperated. "I don't believe a word you say. You're a fraud—and I half-believe you're gill working for our enemies too!"

"I'm not," said Jo. "I'm NOT! You're mean. I tell you Red Tower isn't a place. Red Tower is a man."

There was a most surprised silence after this astonishing remark. A man! Nobody had thought of that.

Jo spoke again, pleased at the surprise she had caused. "His name's Tower, and he's got red hair, flaming red—so he's called Red Tower. See?"

"Are you making this up, by any chance?" asked Dick, after a pause. "You have made up things before, you know."

"All right. You can think I made it up then," said Jo, sulkily. "I'll go. Get yourselves out of this the best you can. You're mean."

She wriggled away, but Julian caught hold of her arm. "Oh, no, you don't! You'll just stay with us now, if I have to tie you to me all night long!"

"All right," said Jo, and she wriggled down again. "I'm tired. I'll show you the way out in the

morning, and then I'll take you to Red's. But you won't like Red. He's a beast."

She would say nothing more, so once again they tried to sleep. They felt happier now that Jo was with them and would show them the right way out of the woods. Julian hardly thought she would leave them in the lurch now. He shut his eyes and was soon dreaming.

Jo woke first. She uncured her animal and stretched, forgetting where she was. She woke up the others, and they all sat up, feeling stiff, dirty and hungry.

"I'm thirsty as well as hungry," complained Anne. "Where can we get something to eat and drink?"

"Better get back home for a wash and a meal, and to let Jo know where we are," said Julian. "Come on, Jo—show us the way."

Jo led the way immediately. The others wondered how in the world she knew it. They were even more astonished when they found themselves on the wheel-rut path in about two minutes.

"Gracious!" We were as near to it as that!" said Dick. "And Jo, of all people, here in the middle of the woods. How had she got there?"

"You did," said Jo. "You went round in an enormous circle, and you were almost back where you started. Come—I'll take you my way back to your house now. It's much better than any bus!"

NEXT WEEK: ON In George's boat.

Call Colours

YOU will not need any equipment for this game of "Call the Colours."

Players sit or stand in a circle. Someone starts the game by saying "A." The next three players, in turn, say B, C, and D. But No. 5, instead of saying E, must name a colour.

Player No. 6 says E, and the game goes on, with each player who can divide his number by 5 calling out a colour instead of that number. A player who forgets and says a number instead of a colour drops out of the game. Count up to 50 and then start over.

Players calling colours must not repeat the colour called last. If this error is made, the player making it drops out of the game. The player left standing the longest wins.

The counting and colour calling should be done at high speed to make the players think quickly.

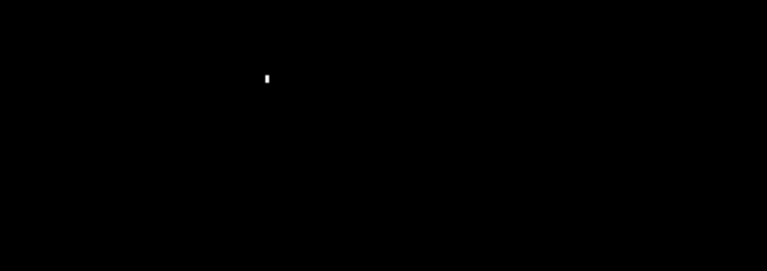
Bubble Duty

Little Myrtle, back home from a friend's house, was chewing hard at some gum, which had lasted quite a long time.

Her mother suggested she had better throw it away. "Oh, no," said Myrtle. "I borrowed it from Bessie, my very best friend, and I promised to give it back."

Rainy Day Game

A dishpan and some paper plates are all the equipment you need for "Dining Room Discus." Place the dishpan on the table and stand back six feet. The object is to sail the paper plates into the dishpan. To land in the pan counts 10, to be outside but touching the pan, counts



Run your own radio programmes

By DAN MURDOCH

ABOUT a year ago, Mr. Dull built a radio receiver. This sends radio waves through house-hold electric and telephone wires instead of through space. Any standard radio receiver, if it's within a few blocks, can pick up these waves right from the same neighbourhood wires.

Along with the transmitter, Mr. Dull built Dick devices for playing records, controls for sound effects. Instruments for making recordings, and so on.

Dick, who's studying Electrical Maintenance in school, was delighted. He thanked his luck stars for a father who was Chief Radio Engineer of Wilmington, Del. Naturally, Dick and his dad put on a "broadcast," inviting a h of neighbours to listen in or to come to the house to take part.

The broadcast was a big success. Mr. Dull interviewed visitors, announced birthdays and presented other neighbourhood news. Dick operated the equipment and answered the telephone. All evening, old and young people dropped in to send songs and greetings over the mike. Folks listening in telephoned their thanks and returned greetings.

On other nights, adults took over, putting on their own quiz programmes, news broadcasts, and music. On Sundays, the station played recordings of fine music. Once a nearby church held a revival service. The Dulls took their equipment to the church and for 10 nights broadcast the proceedings to the neighbourhood.

These neighbourhood broadcasts carried neither advertising nor commercials. The Dulls paid no money and took no



money. Neighbours could put on any programmes they wished. They and their children could all take part, even if they were not exceptional performers.

Tuesdays and Fridays were "Kiddies' nights." The children of the neighbourhood sang and recited for adult listeners. Any child could perform. There were no rules, fees, or auditions. All a child had to do was play fair in taking turns and keep quiet when someone else was on the "wires."

As a result, the neighbourhood discovered lots of real talent, especially in children. Everybody, young and old, got to know everybody else, and by first names. People who'd just moved in found themselves known to neighbours living blocks away. Shut-ins got visits and flowers. Mr. Dull himself got a surprise birthday cake from a neighbour he'd never met before.

Sometimes relatives would come into the neighbourhood on a visit, and hear a programme. The next night, back at their own homes, they'd phone up and ask the person they called to tune in, so they could listen over the telephone. A neighbourhood check-up found nine out of ten homes tuned in on most nights.

Unfortunately, the Dull house is small, and so many people wanted to be on the broadcasts that visitors overflowed onto the porch, pavement, and lawn. Dick and

Mr. Dull don't like the idea of admitting some people and barring others. They want everyone to take part if he wants to. Consequently, they're looking for a larger "studio."

The wired-wireless idea has also raised a legal question. The Federal Communications Commission (FCC) is our government agency in charge of radio broadcasting. It has no restrictions, so far, for wired-wireless, because this doesn't use the ether which is all FCC is responsible for. Also, wired-wireless uses 20-25 watts of electric power, and FCC only regulates big stations, 250 watts and up.

Wired-wireless, if improperly operated, can interfere with regular radio reception by causing equal and other noises. The Dulls haven't caused any trouble, because they're experts. But they want FCC to control wired-wireless, just as it does the regular radio—make rules, issue licenses, and so on. Then only trained operators can use it, and nobody would be annoyed.

When FCC makes a decision about this, you'll see some interesting things. Manufacturers will put wired-wireless equipment on the market. Your neighbourhood, your church, your Scout Troop, your school, will buy transmitters at reasonable cost. You and your parents will study up on the subject, pass the tests, get the operator's permit. Your group will then set up its own broadcasting station and plan its own programmes. Sounds worth doing, don't you think?

Under the bed is a solution to the housing problem for play equipment. There's plenty of space here for all kinds of games and other prized possessions. Build a platform a little narrower and lighter than the size of your bed. Mount the platform on large casters. You'll find that plenty of "junk" can be neatly arranged on this platform, yet be readily accessible.

Examine the trees carefully when you are lost in the woods. Since the moss is thickest and the bark wettest on the north side, just turn around and face that direction. East is to the right. West is to the left. South is just behind you.

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Teen Time

By Bess Ritter

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS is a game to help you become a geography Quiz Kid.

Pin a map of the world on the wall. All the players (excepting "it") stand with their backs facing this sheet. It names a country, and points to a player, who must name a body of water or another country that touches the one mentioned. If he's right, he becomes "it." If he's wrong, "it" takes another turn. All the others have to do, to check answers, is turn around and look. For a quieter version of this game, each player needs to have pencil and paper. It announces: "I (for example) am going to Spain. What country touches Spain? No. I takes another turn. The player whose list is most accurate becomes "it" the next time.

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Under the bed is a solution to the housing problem for play equipment. There's plenty of space here for all kinds of games and other prized possessions. Build a platform a little narrower and lighter than the size of your bed. Mount the platform on large casters. You'll find that plenty of "junk" can be neatly arranged on this platform, yet be readily accessible.

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ZOO'S WHO

THE AARD-VARK OF SOUTH AFRICA. ONE OF THE LAST OF ANIMALS YOU'D THINK OF—IS ALWAYS FIRST IN THE DICTIONARY.

SEE NO MORE! THE EUROPEAN BISON IS BECOMING SO RARE THAT IT IS PRACTICALLY EXTINCT. LESS THAN 75 SURVIVE IN THE ENTIRE WORLD...

BALD EAGLES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO USE THE SAME NEST FOR 35 YEARS...

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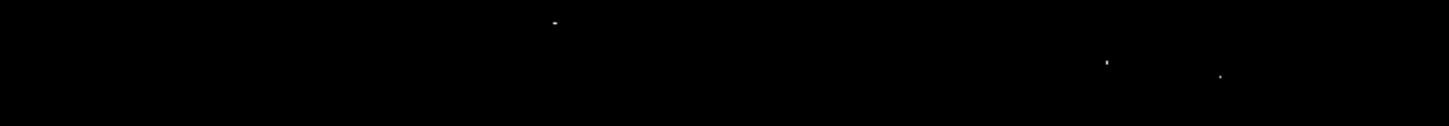
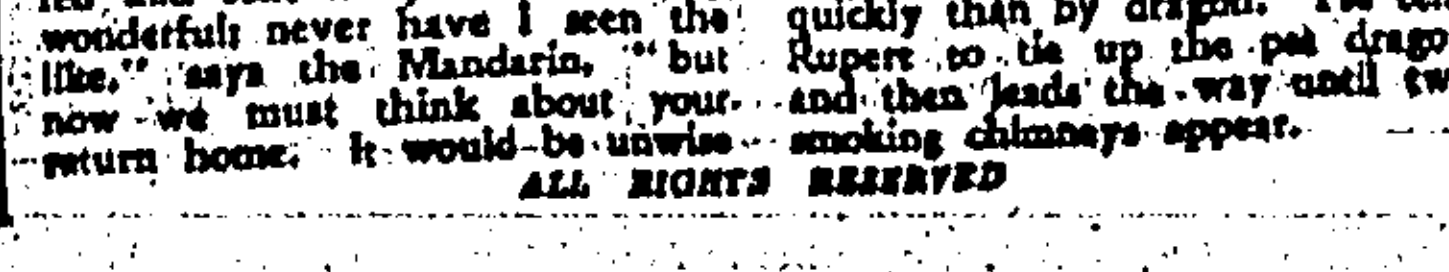
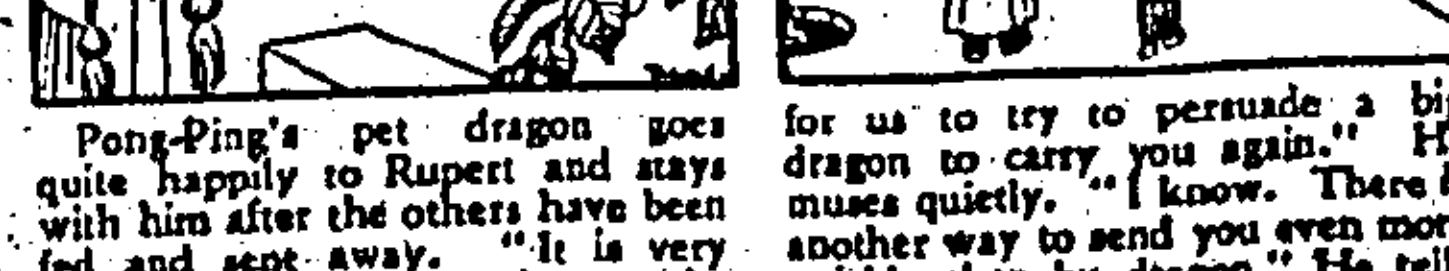
BRONCHO BILL

Unfinished Business

By Harry F. O'Neill



Rupert and the Dragon Pills—34



HOME BANK

DON'T throw the boxes away! Both box and lid provide material for the box race coming up.

Players place box and lid on the ground before them. At a given signal, all players put their feet in the box, raising their right feet from the ground. Balancing on their left feet, they take their right feet and shove the lid along

An easy - to-make-at-home bank is constructed by labelling a neat gash, just large enough to hold coins, in the centre of the top of a large fruit juice can. After the liquid is drained out, rinse, let dry, and start saving. Decorate your bank after removing the paper label, with free-hand drawings of the things you plan to buy with the money.

